

THE Saturday Journal

A POPULAR PAPER WEEKLY FOR PLEASURE & PROFIT

Vol. II.

BEADLE AND COMPANY, PUBLISHERS,
98 William Street.

NEW YORK, JULY 15, 1871.

TERMS: \$3.00 per Annum in advance.
\$1.00 for Four Months.

No. 70.

THE SUNSHINE.

BY J. G. MANLY, JR.

Oh, glorious is the sunshine,
In the flush of Morn and Eve;
When it flashes on the billows,
As along the deep they heave.

When it lingers on the mountain,
When it dances on the grain—
When it gilds the running fountain,
When it glows along the plain—

When it meets the captive's vision,
As he leaves the dungeon keep—
There, for years of weary waiting,
Doomed in faltered grief to weep—

When it bursts in all its radiance
On blind Bartimeus' sight—
When he once more looked on Nature,
And the rosy fields of light.

When o'er Egypt's doom of darkness,
Murder, Grief and Rapine hung,
Joy, in the returning sunshine
On its sable night was flung.

Fancy pictures, pictures faintly,
That unutterable sight,
When the sunshine burst, in splendor,
Over Chaos' nether night.

And there bursts upon her vision
That most solemn, final day,
When before the Godhead's splendor
Sun and moon shall melt away.

Overland Kit:

OR,
THE IDYL OF WHITE PINE.

BY ALBERT W. AIKEN.

AUTHOR OF "WITCHES OF NEW YORK," "WOLF
DEMON," "WHITE WITCH," ETC.

CHAPTER VII.

DICK TALBOT'S GRAVE.

Dick entered the little shanty, which only contained one room, lighted the candle, and then looked around him. The apartment contained a table, two rude chairs and three shoe-boxes with a blanket spread over them—the boxes served for a bed.

Dick sat down on the rude couch and meditated:

"What demon was it that sent this woman here?" he muttered, a cloud on his handsome face. "I'm in for a run of ill-luck, I suppose, and the best—the only way to avoid it, is to run from it. That is the only thing. Bright and early in the morning I'll bid Spur City good-by for some little time. I'll go to some mining-camp higher up in the mountains; find some place where she won't be able to follow me. I shall have to leave Jinnie, though. That's too bad! The girl loves me. I think that she'd die for my sake, and the other one—"

He did not finish the sentence, but remained silent for a moment, staring blankly at the whitewashed wall before him.

"If I think of her longer I shall go mad!" he muttered, in agony. "To-morrow the canyon and the pines shall hide me from her sight. No more Spur City for Injun Dick while this girl remains here. I wish I could forget her. I suppose that I shall sleep much to-night for thinking of her."

Then he arose and paced restlessly up and down the floor for a few minutes.

"I must forget!" he murmured; "I wonder if Jim left any spirits here?"

He went to one corner of the room and lifted up a loose board; from the cavity under it he drew a bottle. He held it up to the light and examined it.

"Good! there's some whisky left!" he exclaimed, in a tone of satisfaction. Then he filled a large tin cup that stood on the table with the potent spirits.

"It's strange; at any other time I couldn't bear the taste of a drop of this, but now, I can drink it off like water. It's had enough, too, to burn a hole through a man's throat. If it will only make me sleep and forget, that's all I ask of it."

Then he drank off the fiery spirits at a single swallow. The strength of the poisonous draught brought tears to his eyes. Soon Talbot began to feel the effects of the dram in his brain.

"It's going to work!" he muttered, "the dose is strong and had enough to affect me. I began to have an idea that my head was cast-iron to-night. I shall sleep; I feel sleepy already. That cursed stuff is making my brain reel like a top."

And it was no wonder, for he had swallowed a good half-pint at one draught.

With an unsteady step, Dick blew out the candle, and, in the darkness, groped his way to the boxes that were to serve him as a bed for the night.

Lying down upon the rude couch, he drew the blanket over him and closed his eyes.

The fumes of the whisky had fired his brain, and strange, fantastic forms seemed to be dancing around him in the darkness.

In the strange excitement that he had labored under, he had never thought to fasten the door of the shanty after him.

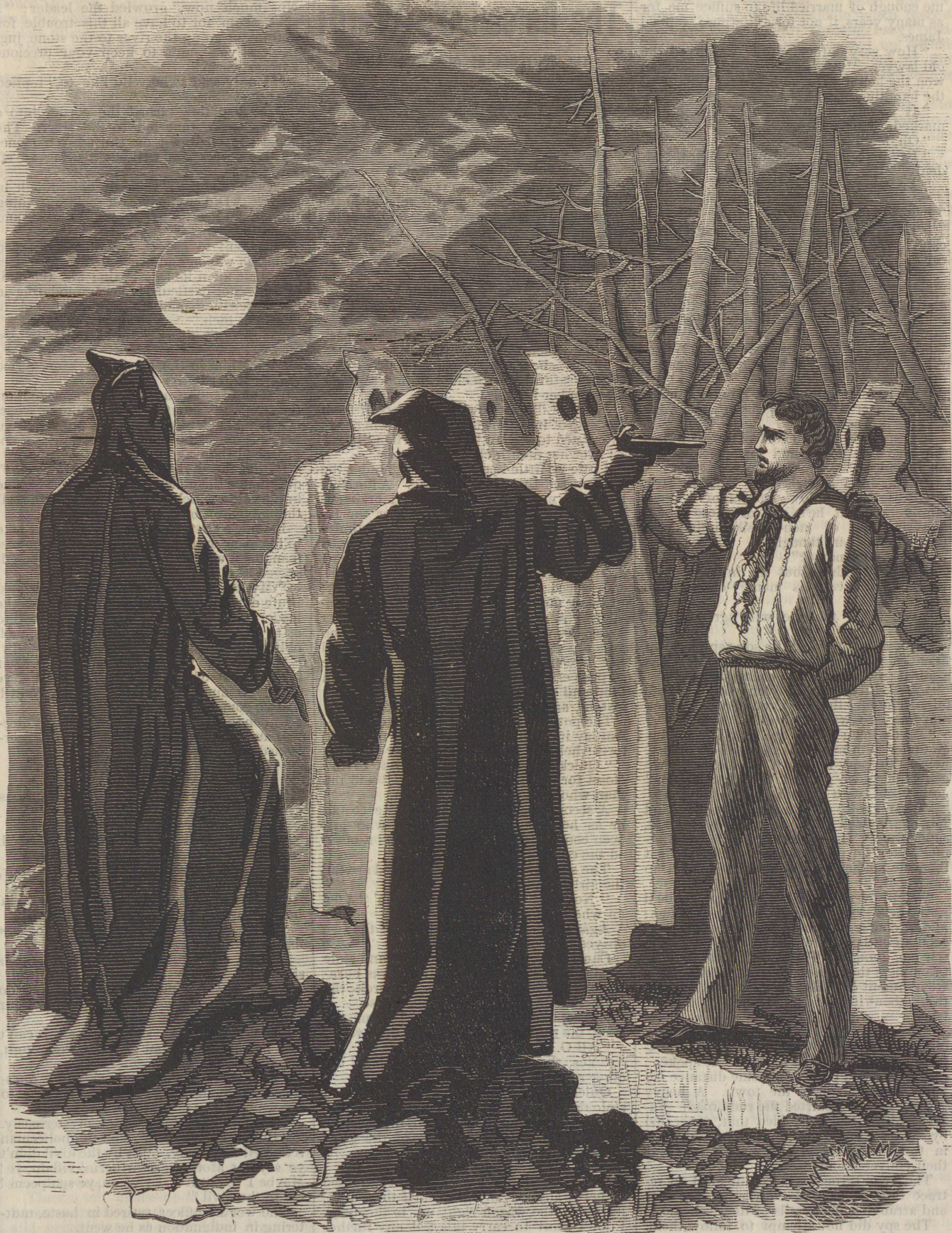
Finally, overcome by the power of the liquor he had swallowed, he fell into a restless sleep—a sleep in which the scenes of the night came back to him with terrible earnestness, yet disordered and uncertain.

Again he saw the golden-brown hair and dark-blue eyes of Bernice; again the vision of the "Heart-woman" floated threateningly before him, but, by his side, like a guardian angel, the girl of the Eldorado saloon stood; her red-gold hair floated carelessly in the wind and waved around her head like the holy circle of light that crowned the locks of the saints of old.

Then around his bedside, stole dark and lowering forms with stealthy tread.

The golden-haired maid vanished in affright. Talbot would have stretched out his arms to have detained her, but some unknown power linked his wrists together and

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"Dick Talbot, look down at your feet," said the chief of the Regulators.

he could not separate them. He attempted to cry out, but a damp substance that seemed of spongy texture was pressed upon his nostrils. A strange, subtle perfume floated on the air. It entered his head and ascended to his brain. A thousand stars twinkled before his eyes; his head whirled round and round like a gigantic wheel, then came a sudden explosion—an explosion without noise, but producing endless showers of fiery sparks, and then—all was still.

"Is this death?" Talbot questioned to himself. His mind was in a maze.

He felt a cool wind playing upon his temples, a rough jolting, too, as if he was being conveyed in a wagon over an uneven road. He tried to open his eyes; he succeeded, but darkness still was before him. The truth flashed upon his bewildered brain; he was blindfolded. He essayed to raise his hands to tear the bandage from his eyes, but found that they were bound together at the wrists, and some unknown power held them down.

It did not take Injun Dick long to guess what had happened. Part of the frightful dream was reality. Dark forms had stood around him. They had bound his hands together, stupefied him by some powerful drug, placed upon a sponge and pressed against his nostrils. Then he had been placed in a wagon and now was being carried—where? That riddle he could not guess.

Suddenly the wagon halted. Powerful arms bore Dick from the wagon and placed him upon his feet.

Talbot guessed that the end of this mysterious proceeding was at hand.

"Let him see," said a stern voice.

The bandage that had been placed over his eyes was suddenly removed and Talbot stared around him in wonder.

Six men surrounded him, all clad in long black cloaks and wearing black masks, through which shone gleaming eyes. Each one of the masked men—except the one taller than the rest, who seemed to be the chief and confronted Talbot—held in his hand a six-shooter, cocked and leveled full at Injun Dick's breast.

A single glance told Talbot where he was. He stood upon the crest of one of the ridges that looked down upon Spur City from the north-west. A mile or so in the distance he could see the waters of the Reese river, rippling silver in the moonlight. Between him and the mining-camp was a little clump of pines; at his back the mountain ridges rose to meet the sky, and down upon the strange scene shone the full, round moon.

"What do you mean by this masquerading folly?" asked Talbot, scornfully. "Do you think to frighten me by child's play?"

"Silence, prisoner!" cried the chief of the masked men, sternly.

"Prisoner?" demanded Talbot, not a whit afraid.

"Yes, you are now standing before your judges," replied the masked man.

"And who are you that dare to constitute yourselves my judges?" asked Talbot, defiantly.

"The Vigilantes!"

For a moment a nervous look shot over the face of Talbot, but in a second it was gone.

"You lie!" he said, boldly. "The Vigilantes don't come in secret disguise. If you are any thing, you are a band of masked assassins."

"Bold words will avail you but little. Listen to the charge," said the chief, calmly.

"You are Dick Talbot, commonly called Injun Dick, gambler, cheat and bully."

"You lie!" cried Talbot, fiercely. "If I had my hands free, you would not dare to say such words to my teeth. I play cards, true; few men in Spur City, or from here to the Pacific, that do not. I am no cheat, but play a square game and wrong no man out of his gold-dust. If I win, it is because heaven has given me brains; perhaps I don't use them as I ought to, but, that's my affair. I'll have to answer that hereafter, not on this earth. As for being a bully, that's a falsehood. There don't stand a man on this earth to-day that can truthfully say that I ever picked a quarrel with him. I have used the strength and skill that nature has given me to protect myself,

and I've taken the part, too, of a little man against a big one. If you call this acting the bully, then I am one."

"Dick Talbot, look down at your feet," said the chief, in the same cold, calm voice as before.

Talbot obeyed the command.

"Well?"

"What do you see there?"

"I see a hole in the ground that looks as if it was dug for a grave."

"You have guessed right; it is your grave."

"Mine?"

"Yes, unless you swear to leave this valley before the sun sets to-morrow."

"See here!" cried Dick, boldly; "perhaps I've trod on the toes of some of you gents. You want revenge. I'll give you a fair shake for it, that is, if you've got any manhood about you. Unbind my hands; give me a revolver and fifty foot start. I'll stand my ground and fight the whole six of you."

"Judges do not fight with prisoners," sternly replied the chief.

"No, nor cowardly hounds like you, when you meet a man who doesn't value his life more than a brass button in a good fight," returned Talbot, bitterly.

"Will you leave Spur City?"

"Never, until I'm carried out of it feet first, or a regular association of the citizens tell me that my presence is unwelcome. Then, I'll go. But the power of men who are afraid to show their faces I laugh at. I was going to leave the rancho to-morrow, anyway; but, now, since you come to threats, two can play at that game. Make me go if you can!"

CHAPTER VIII.

THE LAWYER'S GUEST.

WITH a calm face and an undaunted bearing, Talbot faced the masked men.

"You defy our power, then, and refuse to go?" the chief of the six asked.

"Yes, that's about the English of it," Dick replied.

"Dick Talbot, your life is at our mercy,

but we will not take it at present. This is but a warning. We give you three days to leave Spur City. At the end of that time, death will surely come if you defy our power, disregard our warning, and remain."

"You've trapped me this time, but you'll never get a second chance at me, I can tell you that," Dick said, scornfully.

"We'll run the risk of that," the masked man replied, dryly. Then he made a signal.

One of the masked men stepped forward and replaced the bandage over Talbot's eyes. Again Injun Dick was lifted from his feet by the strong arms and replaced in the wagon, that stood a little distance off.

Talbot felt the jolting motion of the wagon descending the hill. Then the damp sponge was pressed against his nostrils. He did not attempt resistance; he knew that it would be useless; but he strove to resist the subtle influence of the drug; his will was powerful, but the drug more powerful still.

Little by little he felt that his senses were leaving him; his head swam round; again he saw the shower of sparks, felt the motion of the whirling wheel, and then—all was blank.

When Talbot's senses came back to him, and he opened his eyes, the morning sun was shining in through the little window of the shanty.

He lay on his back on the rude couch, just as he had cast himself down to sleep the night before.

With a vacant look, Talbot gazed around him. For a moment he believed all the events of the night had taken place in dreamland, but as he turned his head around, from the blanket on which his head lay, came the peculiar odor of the drug that had been administered to him.

Slowly, Talbot rose to a sitting posture. There was a strange, odd feeling about his head; a sort of dull, throbbing pain.

"It's no dream!" he muttered; "they dosed me well last night. Get up and get, eh? Not if I know myself!" and he compressed his lips firmly as he spoke.

"This is going to be an awful run of luck; just as I expected. I had made up my mind to 'levant,' and now I'm forced to stay. Bad cards ruin the best player; what can a man do against luck? They shan't frighten me out of the rancho, though. There's some deep game under all this."

For a few minutes Talbot sat, motionless, his eyes fixed upon the ground, his mind busy in thought.

"Vigilantes!" he exclaimed, suddenly; "not much! Those fellows last night were more like Overland Kit's band than like the members of a vigilance committee. Who is there in Spur City that would profit by my absence? That's the question. Let me discover that, and then I can discover who those fellows were last night. They played their game right up to the handle. I didn't think that there was a man living that could catch me napping, but it's been done. The voice of the chief seemed familiar to me. I'll just look round, quietly, to-day and see if I can't spot him."

Talbot looked at his watch.

"Five o'clock," he said; "I'll take a little walk up the valley, just to clear my head." He rose to his feet.

"It's in the cards that I must stay in Spur City—that I must meet this woman whom I ought to fly from."

Dick left the shanty and strolled leisurely up the valley. His eyes were fixed upon the ground, his face overcast with thought.

Talbot was not the only early riser, for, as he walked up the river-bank, a young man, apparently about his own age, clad in the rough garb of a miner, came along down.

He was a good-looking young fellow, though rather thin-visaged, with grayish eyes and curling brown hair.

"Good-morning," said the stranger, halting when he came up to Talbot; his voice betrayed the gentleman; "did you see the coach from Austin come in last night?"

"Yes," replied Talbot. The questioner was unknown to him.

"Was there a lady on board?"

"Yes," again replied Talbot; he was rather astonished at the question.

"A young, pretty girl and an elderly, white-haired gentleman?" said the stranger.

"Yes; they're stopping at the Eldorado."

"Thank you," and the stranger passed on.

Here was more food for thought for Injun Dick. What had this young man to do with the "heart-woman," and how did he know that she was coming to Spur City?

The stranger proceeded at once to the Eldorado.

The heathen Chinese was just proceeding to clean out the place when the young man arrived at the saloon.

Of him the young man proceeded to inquire if the old gentleman who had come in the coach the night before had arisen yet.

But, just as the stranger was endeavoring to make the faithful Ah Ling understand what he wanted, the old lawyer entered the saloon.

The recognition between the two was extremely cordial, and no wonder, for they were father and son! The young man was James Rennet, who, educated for a lawyer by his father, had hung out his shingle in Frisco, as the metropolis of the golden State is generally termed in the Far West, got into a little scrape there, and had "absquatted" to the mining region to avoid unpleasant consequences.

"Bless my soul, James! You do look rough enough!" exclaimed the old lawyer, surveying the bronzed face and whiskered chin of his son in astonishment.

"Sluice mining don't improve a man's looks," the son replied.

"Bless me! you're as brown as an Indian."

"Sun and wind and hard work."
"You look like a bushwhacker."
"Kid gloves and 'billed' shirts don't do for this region; there's only one man in this camp that wears a white shirt. I just met him as I came up the street; I knew him by his shirt, though I never happened to meet him before—Dick Talbot, the gambler."
"But, who washes his shirts if nobody else wears them?" asked the old lawyer, glancing down at his own soiled shirt-bosom as he spoke.
"The Heathen Chinee here," the son answered; "he came here originally as a washerwoman, but the poor devil nearly starved for want of custom. You see, dad, a man here puts on a flannel shirt and wears it until it wears out."
"A nice region this is for a gentleman to come to," old Rennet said, in disgust. "But come, walk down the street with me; breakfast will not be ready for some time, they tell me, and I have something important to say to you."
"All right."

The two proceeded down the street. Spur City was just beginning to get up—we mean, of course, the inhabitants of the mining camp.
"You received my letter telling you of my intention to visit this place with Miss Gwynne?"

"Yes," the son replied, "on a wild-goose chase, after Patrick Gwynne."
"Exactly; young girls take queer notions in their heads sometimes."
"Well, this one is queer enough. Why, the chances are ten to one that this Patrick is dead and buried long ago."

"By the by, James," said the father, suddenly, "you wrote me that you were obliged to leave San Francisco, but you didn't explain the reason for so doing. I suppose some sort of a scrape, eh?"

"That's about the size of it, dad," replied the son, coolly. "But, don't ask any questions; it isn't much of a scrape anyway, only, I didn't care about coming East from Frisco in a pine coffin, so I went off between two days, as the saying is. I couldn't make my salt as a lawyer anyway; the professions are overdone on the Pacific coast; they want red-shirted working-men out here, not black-coated gentlemen."

"That's the case in all new countries; but, now to business. You remember Bernice Gwynne, of course?"

"Well, yes; I suppose I should know her if I should see her; I was never intimate with her, dad," the son replied.

"She is the heiress of her uncle's wealth as well as of the left by her own father; but she is determined never to touch one single penny of her uncle's property until she discovers whether his son, her cousin, Patrick Gwynne, is living or dead."

"So you wrote me."

"Of course, it's only the whim of a foolish young girl. Now, I've been thinking over a little scheme. So far we haven't been able to discover the slightest trace of this Patrick Gwynne, except that when our coach was stopped by this road-agent, Overland Kit, last night, he put his head in at the window of the coach, apparently recognized Bernice, and pronounced her name. The thought occurred to me at once, that he might be Patrick Gwynne."

"But then, again, it might be some one else who had known her in New York," James suggested; "it's astonishing how men from the East go to the bad here sometimes. Besides, this Overland Kit, from what I have heard of him, don't answer to Patrick Gwynne at all. Gwynne, as I remember him ten years ago, was a slight built fellow with brown hair, good deal such a sort of man as this gambler, Dick Talbot, while the road-agent is a swarthy fellow, with jet-black hair and beard, a regular desperado."

"Yes, that's true," the old lawyer said, thoughtfully; "but now for my scheme."

CHAPTER IX.

A HUSBAND FOR BERNICE.

The old lawyer looked around him carefully, as if to assure himself that no one was within earshot.

The son looked at the father in astonishment; he couldn't imagine what the scheme of the old lawyer could be.

"Of course you are aware that this girl, Bernice Gwynne, is worth a great deal of money?"

"Yes," the son replied.

"I take it for granted, either that Patrick Gwynne is dead, or else gone to the bad so utterly that he will never dare to return to New York."

"That is very probable."

"Now, Bernice has a very strong will of her own; she will never be satisfied until she discovers what has become of Patrick Gwynne."

"That is very probable, also," James said, thoughtfully. "When a woman of her style once gets an idea into her head, it's damned hard work to get it out again."

"Exactly; I do not suppose that any reasoning could induce Bernice to return to New York, until she had fully satisfied her mind in regard to Patrick. Now, as it is very improbable that she will succeed in learning any thing about him, and as I have had about enough of this delightful country, I have formed a plan to induce Bernice to give up her wild-goose chase, and return contentedly to New York."

"What is the plan?"

"To have you stumble upon us—just by chance, you know—and tell the story of the death of Patrick Gwynne up in some wild mining region. Say he was attacked and killed by Indians, or eaten up by a grizzly bear."

"That's a good idea," said the son.

"Yes; as you are a living witness that he is dead, of course she will be satisfied, and will then return to New York, and take possession of her property."

"Well, now, dad, that's a cute idea of yours," James said, in admiration.

"It's not bad, but I have another one still better," the old lawyer said, complacently.

"In regard to Bernice?"

"Yes; she is a great heiress; a fine catch for some young man, and I had an idea, James, that it would be a good thing for you to lay siege to her. You haven't been very successful so far, but, if you could succeed in winning her, it would be a masterpiece."

"That's a capital idea, dad!" the son exclaimed.

"Pretty fair—pretty fair," the old lawyer chuckled, rubbing his hands together, softly.

"There's only two things that might upset the calculation. In the first place, the young lady might not take a fancy to me; and, in the second place, neither Miss

Gwynne or myself profess the Mormon faith," the son said, coolly.

"What the deuce has that to do with it?" asked old Rennet, in astonishment.

"Bigamy, dad, you know, is ugly."

"Eh?"

"And as I've got one wife already, I think that it will be advisable to get rid of her before I take a second."

"You don't mean to say that you're married?" exclaimed the father, in astonishment.

"Well, I am," James replied, coolly.

"You see, dad, I had an office over a little milliner-shop; the young female that runs the institution was deuced pretty, and I fell in love with and married her. I thought that she was an angel; after marriage, I found her quite the reverse. Why, dad, I was really glad when I got into the little unpleasantness that made 'divorcing' necessary."

"You might get a divorce," suggested the father.

"I'm very much obliged to you for the idea, but if I am to get a divorce for the purpose of marrying again, I think that I would rather be executed. It would give me enough of married life to suffice me for as many years, if not for a lifetime," replied James.

"How very unfortunate!" exclaimed the old lawyer. "Just think, James, if you had won the heiress, you and I could have had the handling of all her money."

"It is rather unfortunate," the son remarked, thoughtfully.

"Oh, terrible!"

"By Jove, dad," exclaimed James, suddenly, "I've got it!"

"An idea?"

"Yes."

"To secure this money?"

"That's my game. You see, father, if I can't marry the heiress, somebody else can."

"Well, of course I know that."

"But if the man that marries her is our man, bound to act according to our instructions, why, the result will be just the same as if I married Bernice."

"That's very true," replied the old lawyer; "but the chief point is to find such a man."

"He is already found; a chum of mine up in Gopher Gully; a regular man of wax; will do just as I say."

"Yes, but is he the sort of man to win the love of a young and high-spirited girl like Bernice?"

"You bet!" as we say in Frisco. He's a good-looking fellow, a comely of a good family; East, but he's one of those weak-wavering sort of men—easily influenced. He's a gentleman, though."

"What's his name?"

"Gains Tendall; but up in the Gully we've shortened his name down into 'Gay.'"

"You think that he will agree to aid us?"

"Not a doubt of it," the son replied, confidently.

"He'll never make his fortune as a miner; he's one of the unlucky kind."

"Well, I'll rely entirely on you in the affair. The first thing is to convince Bernice that Patrick Gwynne is dead."

"I'll do that; I'll swear that I saw him go under with my own eyes, and afterward helped to bury him. Of course, after we get him under ground, that settles him," James said, with a laugh.

"I can't help thinking of this Overland Kit, as they call him; the old lawyer said, suddenly, 'The very moment he saw Bernice's face, he pronounced her name. Just then the soldiers came up, and he had to run for it.'"

"Well, even if he is Patrick Gwynne, he'll never dare to declare himself to Bernice; and of course she would turn in horror from such an outlaw. I don't believe that he is Gwynne, though. There's a rumor among the miners that the road-agent is one of the Government officials; there's no telling any thing about it; it's only talk, but it may be true."

"He's a reckless fellow, whoever he is," observed the old lawyer. "But we had better turn back," and he halted as he spoke.

The two had proceeded some distance beyond the borders of the town. A heavy growth of pines skirted the rude road. Father and son had little idea that, concealed by the trees and rocks, a spy had followed in their path, eagerly trying to overhear their conversation.

The two turned and commenced to retrace their steps, still conversing together and arranging the details of their scheme.

The spy did not attempt to follow them. He waited, hid behind the pines, until an angle in the road concealed them from his eyes. Then he stepped out into the road.

A single glance at the jet-black hair and beard, the resolute face, and one could have told that it was Overland Kit, the road-agent, who had played the spy upon the plot.

"So you think Overland Kit is Patrick Gwynne, do you?" he murmured, looking in the direction of the town. "And you are going to rob the heiress, Bernice, of some of her wealth? Her money must pass through your hands; some of it will stick in the passage, I'm afraid. I must be off for the mountains. I'll take measures to have a finger in this pie myself."

With a tread as stealthy and as noiseless as an Indian warrior tracking his prey, the road-agent passed through a clump of pines. A hundred paces onward he came to where the rock rose upward like a wall.

Skirting the base of the rock, Kit proceeded northward.

He went on like one well accustomed to the way. In a thousand yards, or so, he came to where a gully broke the wall of the rock. It was the path of a watercourse.

At some remote period a stream had poured down into the Reese, but now the rocks only felt the kiss of the water in the spring-time when the snow melted on the mountain peaks.

The road-agent turned into the gully. A group of pines growing at the mouth of the canyon concealed it from view.

Just around the corner of the rock, at the entrance, stood a horse. The four "white stockings" and the broad blaze in the forehead told that it was the famous steed of the road-agent, reputed to be the fastest horse that had ever planted a hoof in the Reese river valley.

The horse whinnied with delight when she beheld her master approach.

"So-ho, old girl!" he muttered, patting the arching neck of the mare; "are you glad to see me, beauty? Well, there's two in this world that care a little for me, out-cast and villain as I am."

There was an expression of sadness in the deep eyes of the outlaw.

You've saved my life many a time, old

girl," he continued. "I wonder if Judge Jones planned that attack last night? I'm afraid that the judge and I will have to come to a settlement before long. If I know any thing of human nature, he's a greater villain, by far, than I am. How lucky that I overheard the conversation between this precious pair. I was in the dark as to the reason of Bernice's visit here. I was never more astonished in my life than when I saw her in the coach last night. Poor girl, she's on a fruitless quest!"

Kit, with a bound, vaulted into the saddle.

Carefully the intelligent mare picked her way down the rough bed of the watercourse, passed through the little group of pines, gained the road, and then, obedient to her rider's hand, galloped off to the northward. An hour's ride and Kit turned to the left and entered a dark canyon, the pines on the brink of which almost shut out the sunlight.

The canyon was the entrance to the mountain retreat of the road-agent.

(To be continued—Commenced in No. 63.)

The Detective's Ward:

THE FORTUNES OF A BOWERY GIRL.

BY AGILE PENNE.

AUTHOR OF "ORPHAN KELL, THE ORANGE GIRL," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XV.

THE WAY IT WAS DONE.

At ten o'clock on the evening previous to the morning when the events related in the preceding chapter took place, Lillian bid the girl, Mary, "good-night," and entered her apartment.

The gas was burning dimly, being turned down quite low.

Lillian closed the door behind her. Hardly had she taken her hand from the door-knob, when she was suddenly seized by the strong arms of a dark form who had been concealed behind the open door.

Before she could scream or struggle, a sponge saturated with chloroform was pressed upon her nostrils.

Vainly Lillian strove to free herself from the grip of iron that made her prisoner; she attempted to scream, but a broad hand pressed over her mouth choked her cries.

Little by little her senses reeled under the influence of the powerful drug. A horrible sensation numbed her limbs and brain; it seemed to her as if she was under the influence of a terrible nightmare. The dimly-lighted room swam around before her staring eyes. Within her head a great wheel seemed to be whirling around with lightning speed; the hum sounded in her ears; growing more and more deafening each instant. A shower of sparks dazzled her eyes; the wheel's speed grew greater and greater; the grasp of iron seemed to hold her like unto the almy coil of a gigantic serpent crushing the life from her body; a thousand deaths she died, all in that little instant, and then—all was a blank to her.

The potent drug had done its work; Lillian lay insensible in the arms of the dark form; helpless in the power of her enemy.

"Quick, Looney, get a shawl out of the closet for to put around her head," said the man who held the girl in his arms.

A second dark shadow, not quite so tall or as heavily built as the first, who had been concealed behind the closet door, obeyed the command.

The shawl was carefully wrapped around the girl's head.

"Now, get out into the entry an' jist let on when the way's clear."

Again the slighter-formed one of the two obeyed the command of the other.

Cautiously, he opened the door and stole out into the entry. The hall gas was burning, turned down low. No sound broke the stillness that reigned within the house.

Lifting the form of the girl from the floor, the ruffian approached the doorway.

"All O. K., eh?" he asked.

"Yes, there ain't a mouse stirring," the other replied.

Quietly, with cautious steps, the rough stole down the stairs, bearing the apparently lifeless form of the girl in his arms. The other rough closed the door of the girl's chamber, then followed his leader.

The two arrived at the front door.

"Look out into the street, Looney, and see if there's anybody in sight, and if there ain't, jist drive the wagon right up to the door. I don't want to carry this gal any further than I kin help; she's blasted heavy; jist like lead."

The man whom the other addressed as "Looney," opened the front door, descended the steps into the street and cast a hasty glance around. No one was in sight.

Looney proceeded hastily to the corner of the street. A common covered wagon, such as are used by the grocers, stood there.

"Looney" jumped into the wagon and drove it slowly up to the door of the Oil-koff mansion. The wagon, being light, made but little noise, and just at the same moment, a coach rattled through the street, so that the sound of the wagon-wheels and horse's hoofs were completely drowned.

The rough who held the insensible girl in his arms had been on the watch, and descended the steps just as the wagon drove up.

It was the work of a minute to deposit the girl in the wagon, jump in, and drive off.

"We're in luck to-night, anyhow!" cried the rough, in triumph, as they turned into the avenue. "Not a 'cop' in sight, neither. Maybe somebody won't do some tall cussin' when they miss the gal to-morrow. Oh, no! not much you know; not for Joe!"

"Looney" drove the horse, while the other one held the helpless form in his arms.

Lillian was still under the influence of the drug. With a careful forethought, the rough placed the girl on the seat between himself and his companion, supporting her in the sitting position by his strong arm. The head of Lillian, wrapped in the shawl, reposed on his broad shoulder.

"There," the rough muttered, "if anybody should take it into their heads to look into the wagon as we drives past, every thing looks all right and regular. The gal is sleepy—or sick—that's better! The sick dodge is the one for to play in case anybody should take to askin' questions, which ain't none of their business. I'll git the chloroform ready, too; I may have to give her another dose if anybody should happen for to stop us, an' she gits over wot she's had already."

The plans of the ruffians were well laid. Jolting over the rough stones and the

cool air of the night had a tendency to rouse Lillian from the stupor into which the subtle influence of the powerful drug had thrown her.

It seemed to her as if she was awaking from a terrible dream.

Vainly she tried to recover her senses and remember what had taken place. All was confusion and disorder. Thought ran riot in her brain. One thing only was clear to her; terrible danger was hanging over her life. But she was powerless to prevent or to guard against it. She felt as if she was near to the borders of the grave. Strength and motion both were gone; she could not move hand or foot. She was helpless in the power of cruel enemies.

Onward still went the wagon. The horse was now going at a sharp trot.

"How cussed cold it is," muttered the rough, whose arm encircled the slender waist of the girl.

"That's so!" replied the other, emphatically; "this wind goes right through a feller. I'd like for to take the shawl off the gal for to wrap round me."

"And leave her face unskivered for any 'cop' for to see that she's been shanghaed?"

"Not much now," growled the leader; "I ain't a-goin' for to have all this trouble for nothin', or go up the river to the stone jug, jist 'cos you wants to keep your precious carcass warm."

"I only said as how I'd like to," replied the other.

Just then they turned the corner into a narrow street that led to the river. The horse slipped down on the uneven stones and lay on his side without making an effort to rise.

"Cuss the luck!" cried the older rough, in anger. "Did anybody ever see'd any thing like that afore! Git down, Looney, and punch him up."

Obedient to orders, "Looney" jumped from the wagon and proceeded to try to get the horse upon its legs again; but the animal was not particularly accommodating in his disposition, and absolutely refused to budge an inch.

"He won't git up!" said Looney, in disgust.

"Kick him in the ribs! cuss him!" cried the rough, brutally.

But as he spoke, a new-comer appeared on the street. A stout, red-bearded man, wearing the blue uniform of the metropolitan police force, came round the corner and approached the wagon.

"That the devil's the matter wid yees?" questioned the policeman, with a rich brogue in his voice, which left no doubt as to the soil that gave him birth.

Looney's first impulse had been to take to his heels on the approach of the policeman, but a warning cry from the other rough stayed him.

"My hoss has fallen down, and the cussed brute don't want for to git up," replied the leader, in the wagon. "If you'll be so kind as to give my young feller a lift, I'd be much obliged to you."

"Shure an' I'll do dat same. Be after takin' hold of his head, now. Git up, ye divil! ye murtherin' thafe of the world, will ye come out of dat?"

Under the combined efforts of the policeman and Looney, the horse at last was persuaded to stand up.

"Has he broke any thing?"

"No," Looney replied.

The policeman had glanced with a curious eye into the wagon.

"That hav yees there?" he asked.

"This is my sister," the rough answered, readily.

"An' where are yees goin' at dis hour, anyhow?"

"You see, the gal is sick an' I'm takin' her to some folks of mine at Eastchester."

"Why don't yees go in the daylight like decent min'?"

"Don't dare to—didn't I tell you she's sick?"

"An' phat the divil has that got to do wid it, I'd like to know? The poor crathur 'll catch her death of cold."

"Don't I tell you she's sick, an' I can't take her in the daytime?" cried the rough, impatiently.

"Sick is it? Phat is she sick wid?" questioned the policeman, approaching near to the wagon.

"Small-pox!" said the rough, mysteriously.

"By the holy pokers!" and the policeman retreated in dismay. "Why the divil didn't ye say dat afore, ye murtherin' villain, ye! Maybe I've got it! Drive on, ye spalpeens! Go to the divil!"

The worthy officer retired in haste, muttering in indignation as he went.

A faint moan came from the pallid lips of the girl.

"Jump in, quick, Looney; we'll git up an' git, as fast as we kin!" cried the rough. The other obeyed the command.

Again the wagon proceeded on its way.

The case of the rascals had succeeded completely. The policeman did not care to make any further inquiry about the "sick" girl.

The rough cast an anxious glance at the face of the girl, lifting the shawl that covered her head.

"She's all right! We've done the trick this time!" he cried, in exultation.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE IMPRISONED BRID.

WHEN Lillian recovered her senses, she found that she was lying on a bed; all around was darkness.

For a few moments the girl could hardly realize what had taken place. Then the truth flashed suddenly upon her: she had been abducted! But by whom, or for what purpose, she could not guess.

She rose from the bed and peered around her, vainly striving to discover where she was.

When her eyes became accustomed to the gloom she saw that she was in a small room, scantily furnished. To the right was a door; to the left, by the head of the bed, a curtained window.

Eagerly Lillian raised the curtain.

The first gray streaks of morning light were beginning to line the eastern skies.

The girl looked forth upon a vast extent of water, evidently a river running close to the house, for in the distance she could detect the dark line that denoted land.

The white sails of many vessels dotted the surface of the water.

The scene was strange to Lillian, but she guessed that she looked upon the waters of the sound, and that the opposite shore was Long Island.

Long and weary were the minutes that she waited until the daylight came. The head of the poor girl was aching terribly from the effects of the powerful drug that had been administered to her.

When the light became strong enough, Lillian examined the little window. It was fastened securely by nails. No chance of escape by opening it.

"Patience!" she murmured; "whoever has committed this outrage will come to see me soon. Perhaps I can learn then where I am. I may be many miles from New York."

So, having come to this conclusion, she sat down on the bed, and laying her head upon the pillow, strove to forget the peril which surrounded her.

A long, long time she rested, then she was suddenly disturbed by the door opening, and a tall, masculine-looking woman, with coarse and brutal features, entered the room. In her hand she carried a cup of steaming hot coffee, and a few slices of bread. These she put on a little table and drew the single chair that was in the room up to it.

"Here's your breakfast," the woman said, in a harsh, grating voice.

a hoarse laugh. "The old nob that wants to be a papa to you will feel awful cut up about your sudden disappearance. We'll let him fret for two or three days, an' then Jocky goes to him and says, quietly, that for 'stamps,' he kin have you back ag'in. There it is plain enough. In course the old feller comes down with the greenbacks, an' then we lets you go back to him. Ain't it nat'ral that the cove wot has been a second father to you, would want something for to console himself for your loss, the little gal that he has always thought so much off?"

"But if Mr. Ollkoff puts the detectives on the track—as he will—and they discover me, your little game will not only be spoiled, but you will have an excellent chance of going to Sing Sing for a few years!" Lillian exclaimed.

"Don't you bet on that, 'cos you'll lose. There ain't a detective in the country smart enough for to drop onto me, or to find out this place," Rocky replied, contemptuously. "Got any idea where you are?"

"Yes; this is Long Island Sound," Lillian answered, pointing to the water, now dancing in countless ripples in the sunlight. A scowl came over the face of the rough at the quick reply of the girl.

"You think so, do you?" he said, not overpressed.

"I know so," she replied, confidently. His manner had told her that the guess had hit the truth.

"Well, you're a putty smart guesser; but you're a heap of miles from New York."

"Indeed?" The tone of the girl indicated disbelief.

"Yes; you're on an island off the Connecticut shore. You can't get to the main land without a boat, an' there's only one here, an' when I goes back, I takes that away with me. So, even if you got out of this house it wouldn't do you any good, 'cos you'd be caught ag'in, right away. I'm tellin' you this for your own good, 'cos if you cut up rough, it will only hurt yourself. You just be satisfied to remain quiet here until the old gent comes down with the stamps, and then you kin go back to New York. You understand, don't you?"

"Yes, I understand." There was a hidden meaning in the simple sentence that Rocky did not catch. Satisfied, he left the room, locking the door carefully behind him.

(To be continued—commenced in No. 65.)

The Masked Bridegroom; OR, MARRIED BY FORCE.

BY JOSEPH E. RADGER, JR.

"But, Henry—my father!" faltered the maiden, as she raised her bright, sunny head from the breast of the young man who had won her confession of love, and a troubled look stole over her face.

"I shall go and tell him all this evening, Lettie, and ask him to make our happiness complete by giving us his blessing. Surely he can not deny me this, when he knows that you love me—and you do, Lettie?"

"Better than life—kindred—all, Henry! I can tell you so now that you have spoken the words I never expected to hear from your lips," murmured the girl. "But I fear that he will not be pleased, for, as you know, Henry, dear, you are not very rich, and father, although so kind and good-hearted, sets great store upon this world's wealth. He has often said that I should never marry any person who could not equal my dowry of five thousand pounds."

"And I might as well expect to bestow the great moon upon you as that amount, Lettie," half-bitterly replied Henry Farrell; but the presence of the dear one who had just promised to become his wife, prevented the despondency he might otherwise have felt, and they conversed on, as only they who love and are beloved can do: in a style interesting to themselves alone.

Lettie Knapp was the only child of old Squire Knapp, of "Fair View," as his residence grounds were called. The squire had managed matters so that his property had not been injured to any material extent during the Revolutionary war, nor had he entered the army, being by far too fond of his personal ease and comfort, not to say safety.

And besides, he argued that it would not be fair for him to run the risk of two ordinary men, and only receive the credit for one. There was some truth in this last, for worthy Valentine was of truly Eustachian proportions, presenting a front equal to two common men.

Henry Farrell was only some six or seven and twenty years of age, but he had been one of the very first to volunteer in the cause of freedom, serving at Bunker Hill as a drummer-boy, passing through the entire struggle with honor to himself, being mustered out as a captain. During a scout after a marauding band of Tories he had been severely wounded, and his men despairing for his life, carried him to the nearest house and left him to the kind care of its inmates. That house belonged to Valentine Knapp, and it was there that the young Continental first met Lettie.

After the first bitter struggle was past, and death that had so long hovered over him, as if awaiting his prey, leaving Farrell weak as a child, the young soldier saw much of his gentle nurse, and learned to love her deeply and truly. It was several months after he was able to return to his duty, which he did without uttering a word that had become part of his very life.

He had seen enough of the squire, and learned sufficient from his conversation, to know that a poor man would stand but a faint chance of ever gaining his consent to marry Lettie. And so he smothered down the confession and left, taking with him the first heart's love of the gentle girl, although little suspecting this. She had given no sign or symptom of regarding him other than as a mere friend, and it was long ere he suspected the truth.

After peace was declared, he had renewed the acquaintance, and met with a warm welcome, for the bluff old squire had taken a decided fancy to the young soldier. But as if to crush down any sentiments of love that Lettie might have inspired, Knapp would often declare that she should never wed aught save a wealthy man. This fact had acted as a check—but only a temporary one—to the young man's love.

The time came when he was carried away by his passion, and he whispered his tale—"old, but ever new"—in the willing ear of the blushing maiden. As we have seen, it was kindly received, and then their lips met in the long, fervid kiss of first love.

It was dark when the lovers slowly returned to the house, and there was a feeling of anxiety mingled with their bliss, for they

feared the opposition of the choleric squire. Henry had, with a soldier-like decision, resolved to face the trouble immediately, and to learn his fate the same evening. And then Lettie ushered him into the library, where sat the old gentleman.

"Well, son, you've come at last, you young dog, you!" vociferated the squire, in mock anger; "where have you been hiding at, all the afternoon? I sentence you to help me finish those fellows yonder!" nodding toward several long-necked bottles standing upon a table close by.

"I will, upon one condition—that you listen to me for a few moments, first, without interrupting me or getting mad!"

"You scoundrel—what do you mean? I mad—me, Squire Valentine Knapp mad?"

"It's a slander, sir, a—no, no! I never get mad—I'm the very pink of propriety: only when they tease me too much, sometimes. But what is it?"

"Just this," responded Farrell, plunging headforemost into the subject, "I want your daughter Lettie."

"Want her—for what, I'd like to know? Not interrupting you at all, but what the deuce do you mean?" spluttered the old man, his cheeks flushing and his little eyes widely dilating.

"For my wife, she—"

"Now stop, Hal, stop right there! I don't want to get mad—I won't get mad—but if you don't want to make me angry, just stop. You want my baby—well, you can have her—on one condition."

"And that is?"

"When you can show me five thousand pounds to match her dowry; not before. Now, don't talk about it any more. That is my answer now, but if you say another word, I'll swear that you shall never have her—do you hear? Never have her, although you brought the whole bank of England and emptied it into my lap! So, there!"

The young soldier did not reply, but resisting the urgings of the squire to join him in an onslaught on the green-sealed enemy, he left the house with a sad heart. Five thousand pounds! when he could scarcely show as many pence!

Still he visited at the house and often had stolen interviews with Lettie, while the old gentleman was enjoying his afternoon nap. One of the principal topics of interest at that time, was the bold and audacious deeds of a robber—a masked highwayman, who appeared almost ubiquitous, seeming to possess the faculty of being in several places at the same time, if all the rumors flying were to be believed.

Valentine Knapp was always bitter and scornful in his contempt for the pitiful wretches who would thus tamely submit to the robber. He would not, were he stopped by this desperado; the only answer that worthy would receive would be from the muzzle of a pistol. But those who heard the old squire, and knew him the best, smiled significantly and shook their heads. Evidently they did not entirely believe in the squire's courage.

One day he decided to make a journey to S—, upon business, and Lettie begged hard to be allowed to accompany him, offering that convenient feminine excuse—shopping to do. And an old friend of his, Parson Humphrey, requested to join them. Now this gentleman was one of those to whom the squire had boasted the oftentimes, and when Knapp decided to take along a body-guard, he scouted the idea, and hinted that his old friend was afraid of meeting the redoubtable highwayman, until, waxing weary, the squire declared that not only would he dispense with the guard but he would also leave the driver, and act in that capacity himself. In this latter point, however, he was overruled.

The day came upon which they were to start, and with many secret misgivings Squire Knapp set out upon his journey, carefully examining his pistols, only to be laughed at by his companions. S— was some twenty miles distant, and that, for their heavy rumbling carriage, was a good day's drive.

For some miles they proceeded in peaceful quietness, and gradually the old gentleman began to recover his usual flow of spirits, when, suddenly, as they were passing through a deeply-wooded spot, a loud, clear voice rung out, bidding the driver to halt, on peril of his life. That worthy jerked up the horses, and tumbling from his seat, fled into the woods.

Then a tall figure upon a powerful bay horse, spurred up to the door of the carriage and peered into the window. Upon his face was a closely-fitting black mask, and long hair of a sandy hue hung about his shoulders. An old three-cornered hat adorned his head, while his body was almost lost in the depths of a long-skirted great-coat. He gazed in upon the pale and trembling inmates, and then leveling a pistol at the round face of the squire, he croaked, in a husky voice:

"So we meet at last, my brave sir! Open the door and come out, quick, or by all that's good I'll blow your brains out—that is if you have any."

Valentine Knapp feared to disobey, and tumbled from the carriage as the highwayman dismounted.

"Now down upon your knees and say your prayers, for you have only two minutes to live."

"What have I done?" faltered Knapp.

"Slandered me, and—that don't matter. You have done enough to condemn you. You see this pistol? It has been loaded for you a month. See, I point it at you—that red nose of yours makes a good mark—and take aim along the barrel. It is cocked—I just touch the trigger this—"

"No, no, don't! oh! please don't! Spare my life—I can't die! Take my money, everything, all—just so you take that dreadful thing away!" gasped the squire, rapidly shifting his head from side to side; but the dark muzzle followed his every motion.

"Beware how you fool with me! You will do any thing? There is only one thing that can save you."

"And that—?"

"Is to give me your daughter for a wife. I see yonder is a parson—he can tie the knot," coolly replied the highwayman.

"I will not—"

"Oh, father, he will kill you!" cried Lettie, springing from the carriage. "Oh, sir, turning to the 'masque,' please let us go!"

"When you are my wife; not before. It is all that can save you," croaked he.

"Then let it be so. Father, to save your life, I consent! Besides," she whispered in his ear, "we can easily get a divorce, and he will never dare to claim me."

"You will let us go free and unharmed, if I consent?" asked the squire, his face brightening up at his child's suggestion.

"Yes. Come, Mr. Parson, your services are needed."

It was a strange ceremony, truly! And then, too, the minister seemed to have been provided with everything necessary, and the couple were then and there pronounced man and wife. Squire Knapp and the driver, who had by this time returned, acted as witnesses.

One long kiss, and then the bridegroom mounted his horse and dashed away, bearing the precious certificate, a duplicate of which now rested in Lettie's bosom.

What need we say more? As the reader knows, the Masked Highwayman was none other than Henry Farrell, who had assumed the role "for this occasion only." Parson Humphrey and the driver had been taken into the young peoples' plot.

But the best of the joke was that when the squire learned the truth, he declared that he had known it all along! That he had also played a part, and to be as good as his word, he made Henry a present of five thousand pounds upon his wedding-day, to equal the dowry of his bride.

The Stolen Will.

BY A. P. MORRIS, JR.

"Five minutes, Esce; five minutes by my watch; and if you do not answer then as I wish you to, the daughter of my friend, John Winthor, is penitent!"

Calvert Newman sat in an easy-chair in the luxuriant parlor of Estelle Winthor's home.

He was a man of some thirty odd years, handsome in face and form, and his large, dark eyes were bent upon the dial of a watch which he held in his hand while speaking.

Before him, erect, beautiful in all the charms which Nature oft bestows more bountifully upon chosen favorites, stood Estelle. Her fair cheeks were stained as if with the wash of sorrow's tears, and the quivering lips bespoke an uncontrollable grief.

In the back parlor lay John Winthor, cold in the last repose of mortal clay; and Estelle wondered that the departed spirit did not return to sustain her as she faced the villain who, in the gloom which is ever cast by the presence of death, had come to her with a proposition that iced her blood and chilled her very soul.

"The five minutes—are—up. Your answer?"

"No, Calvert Newman! No, a thousand times! Sooner beg my bread than live in luxury as your wife!"

"Stubborn girl that you are! Reflect: last night, upon his dying-bed, your father committed you to my care—"

"He did not know you as I know you!"

"No matter. I have told you that he also made a will, in which you were only to be benefited by becoming my wife. I have that will here!—drawing a document from his pocket and holding it aloft. "Marry me in accordance with the conditions of this will, and you are wealthy; refuse, and you are a beggar!"

"I would sooner be a beggar than marry the man I despise above all others on earth!"

"I see; you have a lover!"

"No, I have not. My answer is from my own heart, and it knows not the wish of another."

"I will be more lenient. You shall have until to-morrow to decide. I perceive five minutes was not long enough."

"My answer will be the same a lifetime hence."

"I doubt it. You may go, now. You will think more reasonably of your situation."

Another retort was upon her lips, but she checked herself, and, without another word, left him.

Newman was a villain. But he was a gentleman and carefully concealed his true character from every one, excepting Estelle. To her, he was unmasked.

When John Winthor, a widower, felt the clammy touch upon his frame, which told him he had not long to live, he sent for his old college mate, Calvert Newman. The latter was the younger of the two by several years, and known to be extravagant and fond of fast living. But, who to be more trusted with the care of precious Estelle than one who had shared in study, recreation, boxes of notes from home, pleasure, trouble, every thing in the school-days of boyhood?

In his judgment, Winthor erred. He knew not the man with whom he dealt, as he did the boy with whom he romped the playground.

Newman saw a prize within his grasp. Cunning was necessary; and he lacked none of its elements. The dying man believed his child well provided for, and Newman obtained possession of the will, which he secreted, and forged another. The latter was to serve him in winning Estelle, and him all the wealth of one to whom he had acted so treacherously.

When Estelle left him, he arose and advanced to the fire-place. On either side of this was a fancy cushion stool; and glancing about him, to make sure he was unobserved, he took out his penknife and stooped down.

A slit was cut in the cushion, and through this he slipped the will his own hand had penned.

"There!" he muttered; "it's unsafe to carry so valuable a document about me. I will run no risks. To-morrow, my pretty Estelle, this will is to be read, and unless you consent to change your name to that of Mrs. Newman, society will lose one of its rarest gems!"

He had scarce arisen from his task when a bright-eyed boy of eight years came running in, and twining his arms round Newman's legs, cried, pleadingly:

"Oh, Mr. Newman, please give me two cents to buy a box of matches, please. I want 'em so bad!"

"Why, my pet, what do you want with a box of matches?"

"Oh, it's Fourth of July! don't you know? An' I've got lots of fire-crackers! Won't you? Sissy won't let me see her, an' you're the only one I can ask. Won't you?"

"But, Willie, you forget—papa is dead. You ought not to do such things now."

"I won't make much noise; I need I won't. An' there's some more boys down in the yard, waitin' for me. Please do—won't you?"

Poor little fellow, he did not comprehend how solemn was the occasion; and to delight his childish heart, Newman handed over the coppers.

Off sped Willie to the nearest store, and Calvert Newman went out for a walk.

He was staying at the house—had been

there ever since the day on which Winthor was stricken with his fatal illness. A stroll before dinner would be beneficial, considering that he had been much confined of late.

An hour later, Bridget, the cook, looked up from her work with an exclamation of horror.

In the center of the grass-plot, in the yard, burned a huge bonfire, and it was the crackling of the flames and murmurs of numerous boyish voices that had aroused her. The first thing her eyes fixed upon in the middle of the fiery heap, was the fancy stools from the parlor.

Willie, carried away with enthusiasm, and urged on by his reckless acquaintances, had appropriated the matches to a different use than that originally intended, and, persuaded by them, had brought out the stools, that their contents of dry straw might contribute to the pile. In his mirth, he danced and skipped before the blaze, as if he had done no wrong.

"Whirra! whirra! that's by ag'in. Who ever saw the likes! An' master's stools a-burnin' like chips! Go long out of that, now, ye young rag-muffins! A purty way for sich as ye's to be bullabalooin' when there's a corpus in the house! Go long, Isay!" and Bridget, with her sleeves rolled up, darted out upon them, catching up one of the stools that had not yet yielded to the scorch and flame.

Grasping Willie, she dragged him into the house. As she closed the door, the stool fell from her hold. It burst; and with the straw that sprinkled the floor, there appeared a thick document which immediately attracted her attention.

"Whirra, now! what's this, I wonder?—picking it up—'Sure an' I don't know what it may be. I'll take it to the mistress; for it's an honest girl I am, faith.'"

Willie retired in sackcloth and ashes; while Bridget proceeded up-stairs, flourishing the mysterious document in her hand, and endeavoring to decipher the hieroglyphics upon it.

Calvert Newman, on his return, detected an odor of smoke about the premises, but gave the matter no thought until he entered the parlor.

It was but natural that he should glance toward the fire-place, and a deadly pallor overspread his features when he discovered the absence of the stools.

He staggered back, as if some one had struck him a blow between the eyes. Where were the stools? If any thing had happened to them, then all his villainous treachery, his scheming, his forgery, had been for naught! In one of the stools he had hidden the true will, after the same manner he had the false one! They must be found!

He turned to rush from the room. A lovely form confronted him.

"Estelle Winthor, where are the two stools that stood by this fire-place?"

"Burnt," she replied, her bosom heaving with an emotion he did not understand.

"No! no! they can not be burned. How? Speak, girl!"

"Willie made a bonfire in the yard, and the stools were burnt up—to ashes. You bought him the matches with which—"

"My God!" he groaned, "then I am ruined!"

Advancing to a position before him, she cried, while her eyes flashed, and her face glowed in the warmth of her utterance:

"Yes, villain! Ruined!—for Estelle Winthor is her own mistress, and an heiress I have the true will! The one you had—if you had any—was a forgery! Go, wretch! I will not unmask you; but never come across my path again, lest your villainy be wafted on every breath of the wind. Go!"

Reeling, staggering, half-grooping his way, Calvert Newman left the house. He fled from the scene of his evil-doing, and Estelle never heard of him afterward.

Unfortunately, there is no valiant lover on the carpet, or the dramatic action might culminate in a tableau of pistols; but we may safely imagine that Estelle soon found one worthy of that greatest earthly blessing—a woman's love, and with him lived happily.

A Peep Under the Curtain.

BY MATTIE DYER BRITTS.

MR. CHARLEY CARTER drew up his tall form and looked fierce, as men love to do when they want to scare their poor little wives half to death, and went on with his speech:

"No use talking, Fan! Can't encourage any such extravagance! Quite out of the question!"

"But, Charley," meekly interposed little Mrs. Fanny, raising her pretty face from her sewing, "you know you said you had a good income last year."

"Suppose I had! Suppose I had! How long do you think it would last to supply all a woman's extravagant whims? No, no! Fanny! I don't object to a quiet place in the country, where the board is reasonable, but a summer at a Long Branch hotel won't do to think about!" And here Mr. Charley tried to look bigger and fiercer than ever.

"Very well, Charley," said Fanny, quietly acquiescing, as a good little wife ought to do. "But, I shall have to buy a few trifles before I can get ready."

"How much money do you want, then?"

"I will try to make fifty dollars answer," said Fanny, meekly.

"Fifty dollars! Fifty dollars for trifles! Fanny, how often do you suppose I spend fifty dollars for trifles?"

"I don't know," said Fanny, as meekly as before.

"No, I guess, you don't!" returned her lord, loftily. "It would be a long time before my 'trifles' cost fifty dollars!"

"But, Charley," pleaded the young wife, "I haven't had any thing new for so long. I don't see how I can get along with less."

"Well, I'll have to put up with it this time. But, just remember, I'm not made of money, Mrs. Carter!"

With which sage observation, off stalked Mr. Charley to his store, while patient little Fanny dressed herself to run around and see Charley's sister, Kate, in the next street.

"Well, you are going with us?" was Kate's smiling greeting.

"No, I guess not," said Fanny, a little sadly.

"Guess not? Oh, you must! Why not?"

"Charley says he can't afford it."

"Bah! I get sick of hearing the men say that! I'd put a stop to it quick, Fanny! I'll bet Charley spends twice as much this summer as you would at Long Branch."

"Oh, no, he won't," faintly interposed Fanny. "Charley is very economical."

"Oh, is he?" said Kate, with a funny

smile. "Now, see here, Fan: I've known that pretty brother of mine longer than you have, and I have my own notions about his economy. He needs to be taught a lesson or two, and if I were you, he would get them! Well, are you going shopping?"

"Yes. Get ready and go with me."

Sister Kate complied, of course, for what mortal woman could ever resist the temptation to spend a morning shopping? And poor little Fanny worried her pretty head to make that precious fifty dollars go as far as possible, while Mr. Charley stuck his feet upon the table in his club room, with a choice companion, and drank champagne at six dollars a bottle, after the manner of economical husbands generally.

In a few days Fanny packed her trunk and went off to a wretched little place in the country, because, if she went to Long Branch with Kate, it would cost too much money.

Kate, not being quite ready, and having a notion of her own in her head besides, remained in town for a few days. And one morning, Tom, Kate's husband, hastened up from his office and posted Kate with certain information, which caused that artful young matron to walk straight to the nearest telegraph office and send the following laconic message to her sister-in-law:

"New York, Tuesday Morning. DEAR FAN:—Come up in the noon train, straight to my house. Kate."

After which Mrs. Kate hurried home in a state of high delight.

At a rather late hour that very night, quite a convivial party of gentlemen were assembled in Charley Carter's handsome dining-room, "making a night of it." Costly wines and cigars, meerschaums, rare fruits and delicacies of all kinds were lavished upon the festive board in a profusion which accounted for the name Charley's friends gave him, "the prince of good fellows;" and Fanny's very best glass and china were knocked about with a careless ease which would have made her tremble.

The partakers in these midnight orgies were fast becoming "precious jolly," according to their own vocabulary, and some of them already had more wine than wit in their heads, when, in the height of the revel, the door opened softly and in walked little Mrs. Fanny, in a gray traveling suit, as calm and fresh as a spring morning.

Instant consternation fell upon the assembled group, but Fanny, quite equal to the occasion, with a sublime indifference to stained damask and cracked china, came forward and gave her hand to the conscience-stricken Charley, saying, with a sweet smile:

"Oh, Charley, dear, I am so glad to find you well! I had a telegram to-day, which must have been mis-sent, and I flew to you at once! You are not hurt at all then?"

Charley was pretty badly hurt just then, but he made out to stammer a few words.

"Oh, no—not hurt—so glad to see you!"

"Some of our friends have dropped in, I see," went on that deceitful Fanny, smiling like an angel. "I would be glad to help you entertain them, but my hasty journey has fatigued me, so I am sure you will excuse me if I go up-stairs at once. So, good-night, gentlemen! Pray, don't disturb yourselves on my account. Charley, good-night!"

And still wearing that serene smile, Fanny bowed herself out of the dining-room, and after sitting down upon the stairs to indulge in a quiet fit of laughter, went up to her chamber.

After breakfast, next morning, still in the same happy spirit, Fanny proposed, as she had found Charley quite well, to return to the country. Charley turned very red, and hitched about in his chair, and finally said:

"Why, Fan, I guess you might go down to Long Branch with Kate."

"But, can you afford it?" asked Fanny, giving Charley a look full in the face.

"Why—I guess—I can—and Kate wants you so much."

"Very well, Charley; I should like it exceedingly."

"All right, then. And—Fanny—if you need any thing more, I guess—I can spare—another fifty dollars!"

"Oh, thank you, dear Charley! I should like to have it very much."

"Here, then. And if you want more, let me know." So, handing out the crisp bills, Charley kissed his wife and departed for his office, a wiser if not a better man, while Fanny gayly prepared for her season at Long Branch, delighted with the success of her peep behind the curtain.

Hints to Wearers of Kid Gloves.—It is not generally known, or does not appear to be known, even by those who wear kids almost exclusively, that the durability and set of these articles depend very much upon how they are put on the first time. Two pairs may be taken from one box, of exactly the same cut and quality, and by giving different treatment when first putting the hands into them, one pair will be made to sit much better, and to wear double, or nearly that length of time longer than the other. When purchasing gloves, people are usually in too much of a hurry; they carelessly put them on, and let them go in that way, thinking to do the work more completely at another time. When this is the case, a person is sure to meet with disappointment, for as the glove is made to fit the hand the first time it is worn, so it will fit ever after, and no amount of effort will make a satisfactory change. Never allow a stretcher to be used, for the gloves will not be likely to fit as well for it. All of the expansion should be made by the hands; if the kids are so small as to require the aid of a stretcher, they should not be purchased, as they will prove too small for durability, comfort, or beauty. When selecting gloves, choose those with fingers to correspond with your own in length, take time to put them on, working in the fingers first, until

THE SATURDAY JOURNAL

Published every Monday morning at nine o'clock.

NEW YORK, JULY 15, 1871.

The SATURDAY JOURNAL is sold by all Newsdealers in the United States and in the Canadian Dominion. Parties unable to obtain it from a newsdealer, or those preferring to have the paper sent direct, by mail, from the publication office, are supplied at the following rates:

Terms to Subscribers:
One copy, four months \$1.00
" " " " " " " " 3.00
" " " " " " " " 5.00
" " " " " " " " 7.00

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BEADLE AND COMPANY, PUBLISHERS,
39 WILLIAM ST., NEW YORK.

A Powerful Love Story!

In No. 71 of the SATURDAY JOURNAL will be commenced a new and brilliant romance from the pen of one of our most delightful writers, viz:

Love-Blind; OR, WAS SHE GUILTY?

BY MRS. MARY REED CROWELL,
AUTHOR OF "OATH-BOUND," "SHADOWED HEART,"
ETC., ETC.

How women can play for a man's heart the author of this impressive and exciting story of real life dares to tell. With no sparing hand she draws aside the mask which beauty not unfrequently wears, and we see the *modus operandi* by which many a man is led to wed a Siren.

The romance is strikingly original in conception. January and June are typified in the Old Man's love of the flashily beautiful young governess, who, with a soul of passion, consents to a sacrifice which only a proud, thorough woman of the world could make; but the pathway of sin which she treads is at once her reward and her ruin.

To lighten the force of the picture she has painted, the author presents a woman of equally passionate soul but of the truth which makes human nature beautiful, who, by giving up all that is most dear, treads the same pathway of fire yet is crowned at last.

It is a story fraught with a deep personal interest, and reads like a history of events which many a palatial home could reveal if its carpeted floors and frescoed walls could speak. It will attract attention and excite remark to a greater degree than the author's "Oath-Bound," which has been pronounced one of the best stories of the year.

Foolscap Papers.

Oracle of the Month.

JUNE.

For five months the year has been preparing for June's advent, and now she comes on tiptoe among her flowers, radiant with the first blushes of summer, promising peace and good-will to all men who can keep cool, and who don't wear corns.

Wiping my brow with the sentimental corner of my coat-tail, and looking through my silver hat rimmed spectacles upon the landscapes (owned by small farmers) which her feet have made fair, as it were, I say, "May the good stars ever bless the month of June, and if she should ever get into trouble and desire the courageous efforts of my good right arm, let her apply in person, or by her next best friend, to the undersigned."

Some of our legislators have expended a good deal of statesmanship to have June come in somewhere between Christmas and New Year's day, but it is generally understood that she refuses to budge an inch, with the characteristic head-strength or headstrongness of the sex feminine.

June has thirty days, including the nights; the sun is advertised to come out and shine a little for the benefit of mankind each day during the month, and the moon is engaged for a few nights. Farmers will now begin to harvest their potatoes with a reaping machine, and cradle the rising generation.

Some storms may be looked for during this month, accompanied frequently by a good deal of wind, dampened with rain; also, a few installments of thunder, seasoned with a sprinkle of heavy lightning, when it will be found convenient to get upon feather-beds for safety, but it will not be necessary to occupy your feather-beds all the time in expectation of a storm six weeks off. I was once struck by a bolt of muslin, and turned into an ash-box. I recovered—damages.

June is justly celebrated for her bugs. June-bugs are divided into several classes: fire-flies, that dance through the night like loose stars in the sight of unseeing and unsundered tippers; crickets, that are always found in creeks, etc.; but by far the worst class of June-bugs I ever saw was while I put up at a Western hotel last June; they were accommodated with the best rooms in the house, and seemed to be highly offended at any traveler who usurped their rights, and made for him in force, when a pitched battle would ensue, which generally ended by the traveler being pitched out of bed. There were enough of these peculiar June-bugs at that house to have started sixteen hotels and to have stopped all travel in that State. How those bugs could manage to live on such good terms with the landlord I never could answer; but the landlord was of a very gentle disposition, and took trouble, like his beer, very easy.

The reason why so many persons have "junior" at the end of their names is that they were born in June. High winds will be the highest during the hottest days of this month—they will be so high that you can't see them or feel them. Flies begin to be a success. In the morning they will wake you up by chasing each other over your face and tickling your nose with their hind feet. You will have their assistance at the breakfast-table, and you will be pleased to see them accidentally drop into your coffee; but you will be aggravated when you turn the saucer around so as to get the fly on the other side, and find that the fly and the coffee remain stationary. You will be aggravated indeed, and you may swear—taking your own risks, however.

Musktoes come to be a fixed fact, for they will surmount all bars and become regular bores.

If you have a handy dog, now would be the time to have him gauged for a collar,

and a set of fleas, so that he can scratch for his own living.

It is a good time now to throw dead cats over into your neighbor's yard. I am not right certain, but I may venture the agricultural opinion that now is as good a time as any to plant your rich uncles.

If you wish you can now set out your late cabbages, and I am not sure but it is the best time to set out your bad-paying tenants.

Be careful how you attack an editor during this month, or, for that matter, during any other month, for it is a very easy thing for him to give you a counter-attack in twenty-eight columns, more or less, and blacken your eye and your reputation with printer's ink.

It is a good time now to pay your debts, if you have lots of money, and have no other use for it.

It may be convenient now to cut your hair, and also your poor relations; cure them both afterward.

Tickle your mint-juleps with a straw. Farmers' work in the abstract begins to get laboriously poetical.

The morning air with the perfume of a thousand flowers is freighted. N. B. Freight taken at reduced rates.

Flies may be said to flourish; they no doubt are a blessing, as they prevent one from thinking on his other miseries.

Starched linen clothes thrive, and the sun gets as warm as if it had been sitting close to a hot stove, and every thing experiences a thaw.

All kinds of beautiful weeds spring up in your gardens; the flower of the dog-fennel bloometh, and sleeping in the fence-corner on your way home at night isn't so bad, after all.

WASHINGTON WHITEHORN.

PURITY.

A LITTLE word, but signifying much. If a man has an estate to sell, he praises, first, the purity of the air, next, the purity of the water, great inducements both.

Pure air and pure water are two very good things; a pure literature is a very good thing also.

What father would wish his children to drink water impregnated with poison, or breathe air full of noxious vapors? Yet, the same parent is willing—or permits—his young brood to peruse pages teeming with evil.

The daily papers, almost without exception, publish the full details of the most revolting of criminal cases. They excuse themselves by the plea that they are only giving the news. Once in a very great while, the line, "the particulars are unfit for publication," will appear; but, almost always, the full details are given. This is utterly wrong. A man has no more right to poison the mind through the eyes than he has to poison the body through the mouth.

The evil is not confined to the daily press alone. At the present time, three American weekly journals, of large circulations—two of them very "high toned"—are publishing a serial story that is absolutely unfit for anybody to read.

Years ago the "yellow-covered books" and the "French novels" were universally denounced; but their pages were comparatively harmless by the side of this novel of to-day.

Some two years ago, Dion Bourciault, undoubtedly the most gifted playwright the world has seen for years, wrote a play called "Pomosa," whose heroine was one of those wretched creatures that all good people shrink from and all bad people despise. The play was really a good one, but the good taste of the theater-going public condemned it—at least in this country—from the first. The play to-day sleeps on the shelf, unhonored and uncalled for.

Can it be possible, then, that the people who support the theaters have a keener judgment of what is right and wrong, what should be presented for the public's edification and what should not, than the patrons of these "high-toned" newspapers? It looks like it, for the evil play was presented to empty benches as soon as the theater-goers discovered its nature, while the newspapers that publish the wretched story haven't, apparently, lost any friend by so doing.

The defense for the scandalous play and the far more scandalous story is, that it is true; that such things do exist in the world; and the old motto, "Evil to him who evil thinks," is quoted. There is another one, far more to the purpose in this instance: "You can not touch pitch without being defiled."

The master-pen of Dickens told story after story of the wretchedness and crime of the poor humans who drag out a miserable existence in the "slums" of great cities, but not a single line did he ever write that would call a blush to the cheek of any one; yet he told horrid truths.

Our newspapers daily admit articles into their columns which render them unfit for family reading; hardly one of them but bears *contagion* for the young within its folds.

This is a terrible evil—an evil against which every righteous man and woman should speak.

As well poison the air we breathe, the water we drink, as the literature we read.

All honor to the Journals that dare to resist the evil current and bear the legend, "Purity," upon their banner.

Short Stories for Summer Reading!

That we have presented a most brilliant series of serials our rivals are constrained to confess.

No journal of popular literature ever published in America has made more real literary *hits* in the same time.

But what we have hitherto done is only a foretaste of what is in store for the summer and fall campaign.

We have in hand, and in preparation by our exclusive and chosen STAR WRITERS, romances of remarkable quality.

Yet these shall not so absorb our space as to deny our brilliant corps of sketch writers an ample hearing.

We shall, hereafter, award liberal space to them, giving in every issue a considerable number of completed stories.

Of the great amount of these contributions coming into our hands, of course we retain but those of significant interest.

Thus the SATURDAY JOURNAL becomes not only a repository of Star Serials, but also of Star stories and finished narratives.

If you want what is captivating in interest, graphic in narrative, original in character, read our short stories and sketches!

GETTING MAD.

So much do we think ourselves to be the personification of perfection, that, if any one offers us advice, or corrects us in any manner, we feel highly indignant, and wish that Mr. or Mrs. So and So had been less forward in their remarks. We actually "get mad," and think some people imagine themselves to be a little better than the common run of individuals.

Madame Rumor, who is almost as mysterious a personage as "Anonymous," has a thousand and one comments upon our characters, and you will invariably discover it is nothing good either. You and I will go shopping together, and because you have a little more lengthy purse than I, and purchase a few more things than I can afford, but, nevertheless, am itching to have, I circulate a report that I think you quite extravagant, and if you ended your days in the poor-house, I, for one, should know what sent you there. Now, some pleasant person will tell you these things; and words that I merely spoke in envy, are carried to you, exceedingly magnified and exaggerated, until you set me down as an idle mischief-maker, and you're "awful" mad, and who could blame you one mite? There's too much of this love of tattling and telling of affairs going on in the world to make us all agreeable companions.

We say of a beautiful young lady, whose color we know to be natural, that her complexion could not be handsomer if she was painted. Goody me! Before night the young lady in question comes to me in a rage, and tells me that Widow X tells her that I said she was painted, and she's been hopping mad all day.

A young scribbler sends an article, which he styles a poem, to some editor, and because the latter can not comprehend its sense, and admire its beauties, (of course rejecting the same) the said scribbler doth stop his paper, and he doth go into a rage with said editor; but, it don't kill the paper, and no one is hurt; so, what was the use of "getting mad"?

This "getting mad" we can excuse in children, because they do not know any better, but it's foolish and ridiculous in grown folks.

Lovers especially are much given to this habit, and when the fit is upon them, they act like any thing but human beings. George gets mad because Flora flirts, and Flora gets mad because George gets in the same way about them, and both grumble to themselves all the while wishing a reconciliation could be brought about, yet neither wants to be the one to make the first advances. George don't see why Flora can't be content with his society, and Flora wonders what makes George have such a temper. Some day George will make an excuse to see Flora, and he finds her in tears. George is sorry and kisses the tears away. That's the way they make up.

Suppose editors got mad at every thing that was said about them, how few papers there would be printed! An editor, to be a successful one, must be independent. The reason so many publications die, is because they are afraid their subscribers will get mad if they don't try to please everybody. Fearful of losing one subscriber, the editor leaves out a well-written article, simply because it might hurt such a subscriber's feelings; thus cringing, compromising, experimenting, until the paper dies out.

Let subscribers get mad! I wouldn't care. I'd speak my mind, at any rate. I've often got mad myself, and so I can speak from experience. I don't like to have the best points of my articles slashed and cut, but I hadn't ought to get mad, because it's done for a wise purpose.

What a good set of people we would all be, if we didn't "flare up" so suddenly, "getting mad" with our neighbor! Does "getting mad" make us feel any better in the end? Perhaps it might, if we could be served in the way that George made up with Flora, viz.: a sweet kiss. That's the way to do it!

When people are talking about you, just pause, and don't you grow surly and sad; But think if they haven't a plenty of cause, Or a reason for their "getting mad."

EVE LAWLESS.

A PLEASANT SERIES!

In this number we commence a series of Short Stories from History. This feature will give to our journal an interest which will greatly please a large class of readers; and, as "history is full of moral," it is a feature that will not only interest but will afford food for thought in various ways. We shall endeavor so to present these stories as to render them most attractive and welcome.

SENSITIVENESS.

If you are of a sensitive nature, do not choose a public life, for it is far from being one in which you will be happy. Do not have an aspiration to tread the "boards," and become an actor. In an actor's profession there is much to contend with. When you have the ambition to appear as Hamlet, and you are cast for the somewhat insignificant part of Francisco, you are apt to feel badly and imagine that the manager wishes to crush you. If you have not the required talent, you may have to toil year in and year out, and if, at the end, you do chance to make any kind of an impression, the best years of your life will be gone and you will be too old to care any thing whatever about fame?

Then, there are those petty jealousies of seeing younger members going in advance of you, and you not taken the least notice of. Sensitive natures often discover slights where none are intended. People have many cutting and unjust remarks to make against the stage, nowadays, and if you are sensitive on that point, they will soon discover you are so, and make you feel ten times worse than you did before. Upon entering the theatrical profession you have to fight opposition as well as your own sensitiveness.

If you are sensitive, do not aspire to the author's laurels, for you are obliged to meet with all sorts of editors and hundreds of re-buffs. Then you will have to suffer from some of your articles rejected and thrown into the waste-paper basket; or from receiving a note from an editor, who kindly points out your faults, in order to have you correct them. But, sensitive people never see these things in the right light, and secretly wonder why their pieces are declined, while others are accepted. You must remember that there are thousands now in the field of literature, anxious for fame and greenbacks. While you are giving way to your sensitiveness, others, more persevering, will step in

and secure the place you might have had, had you tried as hard.

A sensitive person should not select the profession of a lecturer, for he will have to labor against that powerful engine, the press, which often says many a harsh thing. You know it is a very hard and unthankful task to strive to please everybody, so of course they will not all agree as to the merits of your lecture, which will, doubtless, make you feel badly, if its defects are pointed out to you, until you actually get tired of these remarks, and wish you had never entered the lecturing firm.

If you are sensitive, select some life where you will not be at the whim and caprice of a changeable public. Be a farmer and have a farm of your own. You can then snap your fingers at the public, for, if it wasn't for the country the city would starve. You can work hard at farming, and nature will reward you bountifully; you'll have no petty jealousies to contend with, nor craving for the public's good favors. Farmers enjoy a good old age, because:

"Far from the maddening crowd's ignominious strife,
Their sober wishes never learned to stray;
Along the coast sequestered vale of life,
They kept the even tenor of their way."

F. S. F.

A STRANGE AFFAIR.

Why do I pen these lines in a state of mind bordering on excitement? Are my contributions to your paper of such brilliancy as to cause the fair sex to look upon me with loving visages, or does the "Star Weekly" penetrate into every hole and corner of civilization? I have received a love-letter, much as I blush to own it. Are there not enough single young men in the matrimonial market, that I should be singled out to captivate one of the feminine gender? It is an awful thing to ponder on, as I have a wife and two offsprings already.

I had recovered sufficiently from my fall to be able to appear once more, as the "Wild Indian," to tumultuous applause, and as I was executing my last thrilling war-whoop, I felt a stinging sensation on my left foot. Upon looking down in that direction, I saw a note had been pinned to my nape, and a fat individual of the female sex, moving away, exclaimed, "Ah, me!" I took off the note, and in the gentle stillness of my room, read the following words:

"SMITHERS—I am wretched; the heart under my collar gown pants for thee! I have had the pleasure to bury one husband, and I pine for another. Oh, say not that you are bound by other ties than another woman calls you hers! The stars never could have sanctioned such a marriage. The fates have predicted that you should be mine. Go not contrary to them! Annul your present bondage! Go to your present wife and tell her that you and I are affianced. I can not bear to think that *her* head should rest on your manly bosom, where my head should repose. You have said that she calls on you. Any lawyer will tell you that is sufficient cause for a divorce. I can not live without you. The sun seems to have lost its brightness without thee. I have gone without my usual cup of tea and round of toast, to pay for an admission to your show. I am accomplished. I have written for the papers; the contributions have been noticed as, 'Rejected.' But, what of that? Do not all authors have some articles rejected? My first husband collected soap-grease for a living. Ours was not a bad marriage. I never was happy with him until he died. Now, Smithers, as the evening comes around, and Mrs. S. pulls off your boots, paint to her, in glowing colors, the misery you now endure in being separated from your adored Keturah (Keturah is my name), and that if she will not consent to the separation, take your razor from its case, and tell her you are bound for the happy hunting-grounds of the Smithers, if she will not agree to your proposition. Tell her you are going to eternal perdition, and then come to me. I am not what the world styles wealthy; but I have some property. I own the combs and hair-brushes I use. The wig was paid for in cash; the teeth were bought at a good dentist's, and settled for in washing dishes. I am in debt for any thing, except a little tea and gin—(ginger, I mean), but, if you love me, you will not refuse to pay for that. I have been over to the grave of my first husband, Aristotle, to-day, and I think we could take his gravestone up, and make a very fine-looking marble-topped table. It was a happy day I planted him there. The deacon told me it was my duty to be resigned to my fate. I did my duty and was resigned. Oh! Smithers, how I love you! I am not what the world styles that you and I could dwell among the stars! I love you for yourself alone, not for the sordid lure the world calls money. I care naught for that. By the way, what are the average results of the show? I shall be at your show to-morrow evening. You will know me, for I shall have a piece of Aristotle's gravestone in my left hand. Regards to Mrs. Smithers. Be sure to answer. Yours, in everlasting love,"

KETURAH WICKLEDASHER.

Can you wonder that Mrs. Smithers is excited? But she has settled the widow Wickledasher's hash, but she is not willing to settle for her tea and gin-ger. Mrs. S. answered the note in these words:

"Pass one insane widow Wickledasher to the lunatic asylum."
"R. C. S."
Mr. Journal, if the widow commits suicide, can I be held for murder?
SMITHERS, THE SHOWMAN.

YOUNG MAN.

If you are strong, and have no profession or trade, buy a small tract of land, a farm, or a building lot, and have some spot on earth you can improve and call your own. Don't content yourself with the idea of being a clerk, and measuring tape all your days. Start out and make a man of yourself. You can be a great deal more of a man, and just as much of a gentleman, seated on a mower in the hay-field driving a good span of horses, as you can behind a counter in a town or city store. If you are a farmer's boy, do not be guilty of going off to the town or city in search of some employment which you may fancy is more genteel or easier than farming. Every town and city both east and west, is *already overrun* with such persons. Start a farm, no matter how small you begin—and if there is any *snag* in you, it will manifest itself in the many improvements which you will be continually adding to your possessions—but, if, on the other hand, you are good for nothing, and don't want to be anybody, stay where you are, it matter's not where.

A SUGGESTION.

A school-teacher in Davenport makes the suggestion that, as children will read the popular papers, their parents or teachers should choose the paper for them, and adds: "I have carefully read all the numbers of the SATURDAY JOURNAL and find it unexceptionably good. It has in it not the slightest taint of what is forbidden or impure, and I shall, in all cases, recommend it to my pupils who will read romance and story."

Readers and Contributors.

TO CORRESPONDENTS AND AUTHORS.—No MSS. received that are not fully prepaid in postage.—No MSS. preserved for future orders.—Unavailable MSS. promptly returned only where stamps accompany the inclosure, for such return.—Book MSS. postage is two cents for every four ounces, or fraction thereof, but must be marked Book MS., and be sealed in wrappers with open end, in order to pass the mails at "Book rate."—No correspondence of any nature is permissible in a package marked as "Book MS."—MSS. which are imperfect are not used or wanted. In all cases our choice rests first upon merit or fitness; second, upon excellence of MS.; as "copy," third, length. Or two MSS. of equal merit always prefer the shorter.—Never write on both sides of a sheet. Use Commercial Note paper as most convenient to editor and compositor, leaving off each page as it is written, and carefully giving it a fold or page number, rejection by no means implies a want of merit. Many MSS. unavailable to us are well worthy of use.—All experienced and popular writers will find us ever ready to give their offerings early attention.—Contributors must look to this column for all information in regard to contributions. We can not write letters except in special cases.

The following contributions are declined for various reasons, (but a declension by no means implies a want of merit. We are constrained, every week, to return as "unavailable," many really good things. An overstock of MSS., or want of space for such matter, compels us to make this return. Authors should never regard this as a bar to the use of their contributions by other papers, unless, indeed, the MS. submitted has been beautifully illustrated. Our list of contributions is as follows:—Poem.—"A Peace Offering." Poem.—"Lord Let thy Servant." Poem.—"Night before Last." Poem.—"The Fisher's Child." Poem.—"The Beautiful Life." Poem.—"Nancy Jane down in the Lane." Poem.—"A Brace of Beauties." Village sketch.—"The Young Lawyer's First Case." A Tale.—"The Consolation." Poem.—"The Right Curse." A serial.—"Recaptured." Sea sketch.—"The Three Mates." Sea sketch.—"Wed Under a Shadow." A love story.—"On Recapture." A Story of adventure.—"Adventure with a Rattle-snake."

Will find place for the following: "The Widow from Boston." "Pug-dog." "The Widow and Grace Hadley's Decision." "A True Love Story."

ENDRE. Journals supplied from 1 to 46; price \$2.35. Thank you for your compliment.

DAVID PAULING. Send address for return of "Ten Cuten a Hundred," which we have decided not to use.

W. P. D. We have in hand photographs of all our authors. That of Captain J. P. C. Adams already has been reproduced in the SATURDAY JOURNAL. Others will follow. Having originated this idea of publishing portraits of those authors in whom a great public interest is felt, other papers we see, are sailing in our wake by doing the same thing. It is very evident that our invidious contemporaries think a great deal of the SATURDAY JOURNAL, judging by the efforts to do the same thing.

D. D. M. Of course there are persons who believe so implicitly in special providences that they deny the presence of "chance" or "accident" in the affairs of men.

HARRY ROBINSON asks: "What is the best and cheapest edition of Robinson Crusoe now published? I have but little money but I want the complete work." We answer: the cheapest and at the same time, the most beautiful edition of the world-remembered romance, is that published by Beadle & Co. Printed in octavo with beautiful illustrations, and gives, for the trifling price of ONE DIME, Daniel Defoe's masterpiece! "A marvel of cheapness and topographical excellence." It may be called. Sent free by mail, to any address, on receipt of the price. Surely not a lad in the land need be without this old treasure, when it can be had at such terms.

J. R. J. says: "I had a choice between a good dinner and your paper. I should say I give me the paper!" Good for I. He knows the value of "the feast of reason and flow of soul." The "jokes" which he remits we will lay aside for future consideration.

J. B. P. Paper subscription expires with No. 72.—S. H. S. We require cash in advance before inserting advertisements from parties strangers to us. For price per line see our advertising column.—H. H. G. Subscriptions to this JOURNAL can commence with any issue. Single copies are always on hand, supplied at six cents each. Back numbers kept in stock.

A NEW READER. We prefer, in all cases, to correspond with no person who writes under an assumed name, nor do we insert marriage "wants." Usually such wants are but a cover for some game of deceit or roguer.

ESSEY N. To preserve the bloom of youth, avoid the nostrums you refer to. They, almost without exception, injure the texture of the skin.

MISSE C. D. The game of croquet certainly is proper and pleasing, and we have no objection to such people as your parents who regard it as such games and pastimes as sinful. They ought to live in Kautschaka, where there is no gladness.

AMATEUR FARMER. We have no objection to the character of the white thorn for "live fences," but should think its very slow growth much against it; and then, it is a tree, not a hedge shrub. Many things are much better than it.

SUSIE C. The sweetest and prettiest single bed of flowers is a bed of verbenas. Their great variety of hues and constant succession of flowers up to frosty weather renders them the best inhabitants for your little bit of ground.

JOHN G. C. We do not think all seedsmen are rogues, but that they do all do an immense amount of worthless seeds at high prices, every person knows who has made the trial. The "dodging" of these retailers of seeds "imported" after the demand for them in Europe had increased, is not the responsibility of their trade so palpably but a dodge to avoid much longer. To say that every person who sells to make money, is a rogue, is to say that every one who adds to his wealth is a rogue, and that is not adding insult to injury.

CONSTANT READER. The perfection of dress for day or night, where warm and cool are so close, that which confines around the body sufficient of its own warmth, while it allows to escape the exhalations of the skin. Where the body is bathed profusely in its own vapors we must expect an unhealthy condition upon the skin. Where there is too little ventilation for the skin-pores, insensible perspiration is checked, and something and something more, is accumulated on the tongue, ill-taste and lack of morning appetite betray the evil.

J. M. writes: "Can you inform me why spilling salt on the table is considered an unpardonable sin? The popular superstition of overthrowing the salt at table being unlucky, originated from Leonardo da Vinci's picture of the Last Supper, in which Judas Iscariot is represented as overturning the salt."

ANAL asks: "Which is the hottest part of the globe?" A very difficult question to answer. Belzoni considered the tract between the first and second cataracts of the Nile to be the hottest on the globe, owing to the fact that no rain falls there. At Thebes, he says, it rains about three times a year, about half an hour each time.

BRINDLE. Galactodendron is the botanical name of the *broomum aliscorum*, or *palo de vaca*, the cow-tree of the Caraccas and South America, and belongs to the natural order of the *urticaceae*, or the nettle order of plants. Very little is known of this really remarkable mode of production of nature, and even for that little, we are indebted to the labors of Humboldt, who discovered this singular tree, in appearance resembling the sizeable tree of nature, and growing along the slopes of the Cordillera of the Caraccas, where it serves the natives all the offices of the cow, and from it they extract a nutritious beverage in every respect. The milky column, juice exudes, on incisions being made in the bark, having all the richness of the milk from a cow a few days subsequent to calving. In its chemical character, it resembles very closely animal milk, throwing on the surface a cream, and precipitating a cheesy matter, which, like that and other animal juices, undergoes all the phenomena of putrefaction. In Columbia, according to Humboldt, the *palo de vaca* grows on the side of a barren rock, the branches, and, indeed, the tree itself, appearing as if it had been cut down when the trunk is pierced, there issues a continuous stream of a sweet, rich and nourishing milk, which the natives hasten from all quarters, with their calabashes, to receive for their night and morning meal; for it is one of the most singular of the many phenomena connected with the tree, that, though it yields its lactical secretion at all hours, it is far more prolific at the dawn of day. The "milk" contains about thirty and a half parts of gelatine.

E. E. B. writes: "I wish to ask you advice on a very important subject. I am a young lady and graduated not long since. My parents wish me to marry a man I do not love. They have set the day and I do not know what to do, for I love another. Please give me your advice." Tell your parents frankly that you do not love the gentleman and that you do not wish to marry him. Surely they will not wish you to swear to a lie at the altar. A parent has rights, a child rights also. The woman who willfully wrecks the happiness of her life by marrying a man she feels she can not love, commits the most terrible crime. If your parents are willfully blind, appeal to the gentleman himself; if he is a gentleman, he will not wish to marry a

WILD FLOWERS.

BY E. R. C.

In the meadow by the brook,
In each dim, sequestered nook,
On the hillside, down the glen,
Deep wild and mossy fen,
Deep and fair
Blossoms rare
Their fragrance bear
In fairy cups!

Adder tongue, with mottled leaves
Pale Anemone that grieves
Violets yellow, blue and white,
Delicate "Spring beauties" slight,
In beauty rare
The blossoms fair
Are everywhere
In mossy beds,
All the maple hedges alight,
Blushing with a crimson shame,
Buttercups with golden head,
Bloodroot pure, with roots of red,
Bright and fair
In the free air
Everywhere
Our footsteps greet.

Arbutus of pearly hue,
Light Dicentra gammed with dew,
Saxifrage that loves the stone
Where it clings, with moss o'ergrown,
Brilliant and gay
In nature's care,
They everywhere
Lift their heads.

With a thousand various dyes,
All the hues of sunset skies,
Hidden in their magic bells,
On the slopes of sunny dells
Blossoms gay
Along our way
Cheer the day
With faces sweet.

Gentle sisterhood of flowers!
Glory of the summer hours,
Surely Heaven will be less fair
If ye are not dwellers there.
Pure and fair
Fragrant there,
Flowers rare
May meet us still.

Dick's Ward.

BY FRANK S. FINN.

"AND you're sure she won't ever find me here, and put her great claws into my flesh, or beat me? Oh! Dick, I can't go back to her."

"And you shan't, neither, Beckie. We'll live here, where you can't never be found. I'll make believe you're my little kitten. When you hear a step, you must hide. If I say, 'Kittie, your milk is ready,' you can come out of your dark corner. But if I say, 'Catch the rats, little puss,' you may know danger's ahead, and you mustn't move."

With these words are introduced to your notice two youngsters, in the very unromantic place of an underground cellar, sitting on a long wooden box. The younger of the two is a girl with a weebecone countenance, who has just escaped from the clutches of a hard mistress, and in her wanderings has stumbled into this cellar, the only occupant of which is the lad called Dick. Dick was a "gamin" of the street, yet shorn of many of the vices of that class. Shoeless and ragged though he was, rough his hat and tangled as his hair might be, he was good at heart, and had willingly taken the forlorn little girl to his underground resort.

It was not an unpleasant picture to look upon, these two young people, as they sat on the old box, in the corner of which was stuck an old tallow candle, flickering and flaring. Dick had given Beckie the best supper he could scare up, and when she had finished, he took out his jack-knife and hacked away at a piece of hard bread, with which to refresh himself, and begged Beckie to tell him her story.

It was a sad recital he had to listen to; the cruelty she had endured, and the many hard beatings she had borne at the hands of a woman she was forced to call "mother," but who treated her with anything save motherly kindness. Dick hacked away at the bread, often wishing he could serve Beckie's persecutors in the same way.

At length it came time for the lad to go away, for he was engaged at the theater to perform as one of a crowd of bootblacks, in a sensational drama then running at one of the theaters. He cautioned his young charge to remain quiet until his return, which he assured her would be soon, and sallied forth into the street.

He had but just turned the corner, and Beckie was thinking how happy she was to escape from her troubles, when there emerged from the shadow of a huge hog-head the figure of a woman, who had been an eavesdropper to the conversation which had taken place.

The woman advanced to the spot where Beckie was sitting, and, after throwing a shawl over the girl's head, took her up in her arms and speedily left the building. When the play was over for the night, Dick went back to his cellar, and called: "Kittie, your milk is ready." But there was no response. The boy thought the child was tired out, and had gone to sleep. The lighted candle had burnt out long since, and he was obliged to light a new one. He searched every hole and corner of the old cellar, and then was forced to give up in despair. He knew not whence she had been taken.

In looking around his quarters, Dick's eyes for a moment rested on the box. He had often wondered what there could be in it, and he resolved to pry open the cover, and search for himself. Old clothing was all that rewarded him at first; but, upon looking deeper into it, he found a casket, the mountings of which appeared to be of solid gold. On the lid he traced the name:

"CLARA RESTON.
"No. — Fifth Avenue."

Here was a mystery he was bound to clear up, and he was about rushing into the street to carry the box to whom it was directed, when he suddenly remembered that every one there would most likely be in bed, and that his costume was not quite so appropriate as that of an aristocratic location would require. He waited until morning, and after fixing his hair and washing his hands and face, started forth on his very important errand.

He scarcely knew what reception he would meet with, and he somewhat tremblingly tinkled the door-bell. The servant who answered it was at first unwilling to allow Dick to enter, but the latter informed him that it was a matter of great moment, and the domestic was so gracious as to condescend to call his mistress. The lady was dressed in deep mourning, and she had a most sad expression upon her countenance. It seemed as if he had seen a person resembling her very recently, yet could not tell where. He told her of his errand. As he handed her the casket, a chill seemed to pass over her, and she clung to a chair for

support. She forced the casket open and discovered a small billet, on which her name was written. This she tore open and read the following lines:

"CLARA RESTON:

"You little thought of the devil that rested in my bosom when you cast me aside to wed another. I could wait for revenge, and where can one strike deeper than at a mother's heart? Where is the child you have so fondly loved? Would it make you happy to know she was living yet, with a woman whose best love is the bottle? Would it make you any more contented with your fate to think that this woman, in one of her maudlin fits, might drop it on a red-hot fire? You jilted me. I swore to have revenge, and I have got it. You have trampled on me, and as there is a Power in heaven, I will now trample on you. I have stolen your child. May you never see it again."

"PARKER MILDON."

Dick was obliged to undergo a whole catechism of questions, but he could tell the lady nothing further than that he had found the casket where he did. She told him how her child was stolen from her when it was an infant, and mentioned its name as Rebecca.

Dick then thought of Beckie, and, like a flash, it struck him about the resemblance as to the lady. She was the exact counterpart of Beckie. The boy told his story to Mrs. Reston, and she believed she had found a clue to her long-lost child. She had an officer summoned, and ordering her carriage, she, with Dick and the officer, rode to the house where Beckie had formerly resided. Here they found the child tied to the foot of a bed, and the woman, Mag, about to strike her, when her arm was seized by the officer, who prevented the cruel blow.

Mrs. Reston made her claim for the child, but Mag refused to give her up, solemnly avowing that she was Beckie's own mother. Mrs. Reston said she could prove her claim, as the child had a red mark on her left shoulder. Her sleeve was rolled up, and there the mark was found. The officer gave Beckie into her mother's charge, and arrested Mag for cruelty and ill-treatment of the child. Mrs. Reston gave a home to Dick, and found him to be quite a little nobleman of nature. A search through the police records proved that Parker Mildon was a burglar, who had been killed in an attempt to escape from prison. He probably met some of his accomplices at the cellar, where the casket was found, and had placed it in the box until he should have a chance to

when you know my heart starves for you?"

His voice grew intensely imploring, and he bent his head toward her, with his earnest eyes fixed on her face.

"No, I am only cruel to myself, not to you, Doctor Clavering. You will be able to laugh at this love-dream of yours in a year, and wonder what there was about me that bewitched you so. But, I—ah! I—ah! and, unconsciously to herself, her voice lost its melting sweetness, and verged into a high shrill wail of proud pain—then she turned her head away, speechless.

"Then you will retract the words you spoke? you will let me make you my wife? Maggie! my Maggie, if you but knew how I wanted you!"

A faint little quiver came to her lips. "Doctor Clavering—no! I tell you it must not be; I have told you time and again that I will not stand between you and my sister Bernice. You know she loves you."

"That is a mistake—a miserable mistake, and yet you will refuse to credit it when I swear to you she released me by her own act."

"I know it," returned Maggie, almost fiercely. "I am as well aware of that as you are; and I also know what you do not, that she cried herself to sleep that selfsame night, in my arms, because she did it."

Doctor Clavering frowned.

"Then why did she release me, Maggie? Did I ever, by word or deed, give her just cause? I tell you, Maggie Osborne, Bernice never cared for me—and I—oh, my Maggie, I love you!"

Then a mournful little smile crept around her gray eyes.

"Bernice had eyes, Doctor Clavering, for love is far-sighted and jealous of itself. Bernice saw you were, for the time, strangely infatuated with her sister Maggie, and, knowing that an unloving husband was worse than none, she released you from the bonds she knew were so irksome to you. But, Doctor Clavering, knowing as I do, my own little Bernice's tender heart, think you I would accept you, even if I loved you as she does? No; than that, we might both better suffer on together."

Doctor Grandon Clavering's eyes were moist as he laid his hand on her regal head.

"Then, by this great sacrifice, I know you love me, Maggie Osborne; while I shall say good-by to you and Bernice forever."

right way—but, in your secret soul, do you think it is just to yourself, to him, to flirt so openly with a man who bears no better reputation than does Captain Gracey? Bernice! Bernice! my dear little sister, do give this new lover up. He is a stranger; you are so beautiful!"

A delicious little laugh bubbled through Bernice Osborne's lips.

"Thank you! compliments are sweet to me, whether from Maggie or Captain Gracey, who I am certain cares for me more than solemn Doctor Clavering ever did; certain it is that I love—like him—"

"Bernice, no!"

And Maggie fairly screamed the words, her cheek paling with the fear, the dread she felt.

"But I do," returned Bernice, defiantly; "and all the romantic ideas I may have entertained in days gone by of that other; whatever notions you are imbued with that I must be loyal to him, and that he will one day come to me again, are of no effect. I care not if I never see Doctor Clavering again—there!"

She closed her book and went away upstairs and dressed for a promenade with Captain Gracey, the dashing officer of the regular army whose recruiting-office was near at hand.

Alone in the sunshine, with the warm May air lifting the clinging curls from her forehead, Maggie Osborne thought with bitterest tears that it was for this, *this* that she had sacrificed her heart's life, for this wayward, yet beloved sister, she had given him up, and doomed them both to a dreary destiny, and Bernice, gay and pretty, cared not, appreciated not!

Well, it was hard! but she had done what she believed to be her Christian duty. And it brought an inward peace to her; as duties performed never fail to bring.

An airless, breathless September day, when the sky seemed molten brass, and the trees drooped for a drop of water.

Poor Maggie Osborne! How inexpressibly solemn the dusty grass looked to her that noonday, and how desolate was the darkened parlor where so many a wide ribbon of bright sunlight had slanted!

She sat thus, attired in her sable robes; a deep black trailing dress that almost suffocated her; a tiny mourning-bonnet tied over her curls—and it was all for wayward Bernice!

She wondered how she had lived through

—and her sweet patience found its just merit in the years of happiness that followed when she was Grandon Clavering's wife.

In the Web!

THE GIRL-WIFE'S TRIALS.

A HEART AND LIFE ROMANCE OF THE CRESCENT CITY.

BY EDWIN SOUTH.

CHAPTER XXII.

A WILD CAREER.

MARK BLANCHARD stood beside the dead body of his uncle and ground his teeth with rage as he looked down into that upturned face. The features of the dead were sharp and pointed, and there was a purplish hue about the half-parted lips.

"So!" exclaimed Mark; "this is the end of all my expectations? A few paltry thousands—enough to keep me off the street! Oh! I could find it in my heart to bury these knuckles in your old clayey face! He shook his clenched fist in the face of the dead man, and perhaps would have carried out his threat had not Lemmanuel, an old and faithful servant, grasped him, at that moment.

"Why, He'll bless me, Mr's'r Mark, you amn't gwine to strike de ole man, is ye?"

The young man turned around fiercely.

"What do you mean, you black villain? How dare you place your hand on me?"

"I knows I see brack, but I see too white to stan' by an' see dat good, kind ole man struck in de face."

"You dare tell me this?"

"Dar! I dar' any ting for poor ma's'r's sake!"

"Then take that for your pains." And, as Mark Blanchard said this, he struck Lemmanuel a heavy blow in the temple with the butt-end of a revolver, and the poor, faithful negro fell back, dead.

The murderer didn't stop to see the result of that blow, but, hastily putting the revolver in his pocket, he turned on his heel and fled from the house.

An hour after, he was standing in one of the noted gambling halls of St. Charles street, betting recklessly on faro.

The dealer, who knew him well, was surprised at his bad luck; while a knot of lookers-on stood aghast at the huge sums Mark staked and lost in quick succession.

"Blanchard, you are not in luck to-day," said the banker, shuffling the cards.

"No, I should say not; but, I'm going to burst this bank or myself before I leave this house."

"All right, my hearty," was the smiling reply. "You bet on the ace, eh?"

"Yes."

"And copper, too?"

"Yes."

Dexterously the suave dealer handled the little silver box, and then threw out the card.

"You've lost again," said the dealer, raking in the money, while the spectators drew a long breath and gazed in wonder at the desperate gambler.

He never spoke a word, but, taking out a huge roll of bills, laid them down before him.

"What do you bet?" asked the dealer, cool and calm.

"Three thousand dollars."

Even the banker now grew pale, and his fingers trembled nervously as he dealt the cards. There was not the slightest sound to be heard; even the man who stood at the roulette table stopped whirling his ivory ball and came over to Blanchard's side.

"You lose!" came at last from the banker's lips, and the pile of bank-notes were raked over to his side of the table.

"What will you give me for this?" asked Mark, excitedly, taking from the bosom of his shirt a huge diamond pin.

"Well, Blanchard, I'd rather not go any further."

"But, you must give a fellow a chance for his money."

"Well, yes, of course. But, luck's been against you, so I don't think you ought to play any more just now."

"If I'm willing to play that's none of your business," was the response. "Here, what will you give for this?"

He held up the jewel between his fingers, and its fire flashed as bright as Mark Blanchard's eyes.

"Five hundred dollars."

"Then go on!"

There was another deal, and this time Blanchard won five hundred dollars.

"Do you wish me to deal again?" asked the banker.

"Certainly."

"Very well, sir."

The cards came out slowly, and Mark Blanchard lost one thousand dollars!

Just as Mark Blanchard's last dollar disappeared, a man came running in from the street, and plucking Mark by the sleeve, he whispered:

"The police are after you for killing your nigger, Lemmanuel. Come with me."

The poor wretch trembled and turned pale; he already saw his end approaching, but he had not the courage to meet it, and so he turned and followed the new-comer as fast as he could.

The crowd who had witnessed Mark's losses, gazed in wonder as they saw the two men run out of the back-door and disappear in a dark alley.

"This way," said the stranger, whom Mark recognized as an old friend; "this way."

They crawled through a long, dark hall, and finally plunged through a small paint-shop and out to Commercial Place.

"Which way now?" asked Mark.

"Up Camp street."

The two men walked rapidly to the corner of Poydras, where Mark stopped and said: "It won't do to pass Lafayette Square. Policemen are there."

"You are right," replied his friend.

"Stand here a moment, in the shadow of the Moresque building, and I will get a cab."

He was off in a jiffy, and in a moment more, a carriage rolled around the corner of St. Charles street.

"Get in now, Blanchard, and let him drive you to the swamps. Once there, you can make your escape to the lake, and obtain something to carry you off. Good-by."

Blanchard was in the vehicle and rolling away before his friend had finished speaking.

CHAPTER XXII.

HUNTED DOWN.

ON rattled the carriage, over the flinty



DICK'S WARD.

send it to Mrs. Reston, with the cruel note he had written, and which had lain there many years. Mag died in a drunken fit, and confessed that Mildon had given her the child to destroy, but she had never dared to do so.

And so you see that Dick's discovery brought about much good, and his "bread cast upon the waters"—helping a poor child—returned to him ere many days."

How She Waited.

BY MARY REED CROWELL.

It was a pleasant little parlor where Maggie Osborne sat; the best room in the house, and furnished very neatly and tastefully.

An oak and green carpet, reminding one of tree-trunks overrun with wild mossy vines; a lounge covered with green rep, and studded with heavy silver nails; several easy-chairs of various designs and styles; white linen shades; a piano, footstools, and one low rocking-chair where Maggie Osborne sat, as she listened to the chirping of the canary from his cage in the sunniest window—listened and looked about her, and meditated.

She was not what one would have called pretty; indeed, I am inclined to think she was decidedly plain-looking, especially at times, and in certain dresses she wore.

As she sat by the window, that cold, clear November afternoon, with a black alpaca dress on, prettily trimmed and perfectly fitted—her form was simply perfection—with the daintily-ruffled linen apron, the watch and chain, and a narrow band of velvet tied around her fair throat—and her short curly hair brushed away from her temples, she looked very womanly and tranquil—so much so that Grandon Clavering involuntarily stopped to look at the restful, home-like scene, as he entered the door.

Then he closed it, making a slight noise, so that Maggie started and glanced up.

A deep blush suffused her cheeks at the first surprised look she gave him; then, of a sudden, she grew ashen pale.

Then she arose with a quiet dignity that was peculiar to her.

"Doctor Clavering, I am sorry you have come again. I wish you would accept my wishes as a command."

He paused in the center of the room, as she spoke, and a slight flush tinged his face.

"I ventured because I am not content with the reasons that keep me from you, Maggie! Maggie! how can you be so cruel

He caught her in his arms before she had the time or will to demur; he pressed her, with all the strength of his strong arms, against his breast; he kissed her mouth, her beautiful hair, and then suddenly pushed her away and hurried from the house, without a word.

And Maggie looked after him, a pale, hard line around her mouth, an intense longing in her eyes that filled with passionate tears. "I do love him, I do! I do! And but for Bernice! oh! how dare I think that dreadful thought!"

Then she sobbed piteously, and the canary in his cage, with the sunshine slanting athwart him, stopped his trilling melody as if in sheer amazement at the wailing agony in the girl's voice.

"I would so much rather you would not, Bernice."

Maggie Osborne's gentle, expostulating voice rose lonely from the silence of the little parlor.

A pair of rare blue eyes were lifted to her grave face; then a wicked little laugh followed the glance.

"And I am perfectly sure I rather would, sister mine. Not only that, but I am afraid I must say I shall."

Then Bernice Osborne resumed her book again, and Maggie looked long and lovingly on the fair girl's face.

It was a very sweet one, full of lights and shadows; reminding one of a sun-ripened peach, so exquisitely browned in rose-tints were the smooth cheeks, so daintily shot with faintest carnation tinge were forehead and chin.

Perhaps Bernice's mouth was too large—it was a family feature of the Osbornes—it, its tiny even teeth, and winnowed lips made it very kissable and womanly.

And as Maggie sat gazing upon her sister, she thought that for her, poor plain mortal, Doctor Clavering had been content to give up that vision of girlish loveliness, to her so perfect.

Then, with a sigh, she thought how wayward Bernice was growing.

The downcast blue eyes were raised to hers, as the long-drawn breath reached Bernice's ears.

"You think then, Maggie, that I am so very wicked? Tell me, sister Maggie, why I should, for sake of Doctor Grandon Clavering, who sees fit to absent himself so long, eschew all society and enjoyment?"

Her face lost its sweet charms as she spoke, and she seemed to grow hard and stern.

"That is not what I mean, Bernice. You know I want you to enjoy yourself in every



pavements; past Lafayette Square, where a half-dozen policemen dozed in the warm sunlight; past Tivoli Circle, where happy children laughed and shouted in gleeful innocence; past long rows of balconied residences; until, at last, the driver put his face down against the front window, and asked: "How much further do you want to go?" "What street is this?" inquired Mark, his head beating wildly.

"This is Austerlitz street. We are outside of the city now. This is Jefferson, and if I take you further, I'll have to ask five dollars more."

"I haven't five dollars, but here, take this."

It was a costly amethyst ring that he shoved up to the greedy driver. "Take me a few squares further, and you can go."

The driver cracked his whip; the two fiery grays sprang forward, and Mark Blanchard held his breath in terror. He was an abject coward, after all.

"Marengo street," said the driver, opening the door politely.

Mark leaped out and gazed around him. Off to the left he could see the turbid current of the Mississippi, rolling onward to the sea; to the right waved an ocean of emerald over leagues of marshy swamp-lands.

Mark turned toward the river.

"I thought you were going through the swamps," said the driver, as he mounted his box and turned his horses' heads in the direction of the city.

"No, I guess I'll cross the river," replied Mark, waving the fellow an adieu.

"Hope you'll get through all right, old fellow," were the last words of the Jehu; then he dashed off, and was soon lost to view.

There were not many houses in the neighborhood, and they were scattered over a great deal of territory—a flat, almost treeless plain.

When the sound of the carriage-wheels died away, and nothing disturbed the hush of the sultry afternoon but the crowing of a few loud-voiced fowl, Mark turned his steps from the river and walked rapidly toward the swamps.

"It wouldn't do to trust that fellow," he said to himself. "Nothing like discretion, where it is a question of life and death."

With rapid strides he made for the tall waving willows which grew up out of the sedge soil, and in less than ten minutes, he was screened from view.

Crouching down in the darkness, his feet immersed in the pasty black mud, from which a greenish current oozed everywhere, he tried to collect his thoughts and endeavored to form some plan of escape.

The bells of the distant city came to him like the voice of the past, and the stillness and dampness about him were suggestive of the grave to which he had just sent poor Lemuel.

Having rested himself, he deliberately stripped off his coat and vest, for they caught in the briars as he passed, and, still stooping, he pushed onward.

It was a difficult route; the brambles scratched his face, and the thorns often buried their points in his quivering flesh. Now he plunged waist-deep in a pool of stagnant water, and anon he started back as some foul carrion-bird fluttered up from the reeds, and screaming, flew away.

Even the cries of those birds frightened him now, and whenever he came across them he paused with bated breath and tried to leave them undisturbed. Sometimes he was successful, but at others the ugly things would detect the intruder, and, filling his ears with hideous screams, dart off.

"Curse the black devils!" he would exclaim, grinding his teeth with rage; "they will give the alarm."

Finally, the twilight that ever reigns in the depths of the swamps became darker and heavier, and night crept slowly down upon the wretched fugitive.

"He did not stop, however; he could not think of passing a night in that fearful place; and, although weak and fatigued, he pressed on."

The fire-flies blazed their transient gleams in his face; and then the darkness grew blacker than before. His mouth was parched and feverish, but there was not a drop of water fit to drink anywhere; his head ached terribly; his eyes were burning up.

"Oh, God! I can't stand this!" he exclaimed, clasping his bloody hands, and trying to look at the calm, star-lit sky above.

Again he staggered forward, and, falling over the root of a dwarfed tree, he lay there for fully half an hour. A light—a strong light flashed through the rank undergrowth. He started in terror and shrank back. Nearer and nearer it came. He held his breath. He now heard the voices of men.

He shrank back into the slime. A moment passed; it seemed like an age, and then he discovered that the light and the speakers were upon the deck of a sloop sailing down the canal to the basin at the foot of Julia street.

The vessel with its flapping sail went by, and Mark Blanchard struggled to his feet and started desperately forward.

Two hours of toil, and he stood upon the bank of Lake Pontchartrain, not a great distance from the upper landing.

He was a faithful spectacle, blood-stained, grimy, feeble from over-exertion. A steamboat was lying at the landing with steam up. She would leave for Mobile in a few hours.

"I will get aboard and hide myself," said the fugitive, after a moment's thought.

He drew a long breath, and then slipped into the water, and being an expert swimmer he soon reached the steamer.

Grasping the guards he rested himself awhile, and then dragged himself onto the deck. As he did so, a policeman leaped from the engine-room and seized him by the throat.

"Let go your hold," gasped Mark.

"Surrender," cried the policeman, leveling a pistol at the head of his prisoner.

"Never!" hissed Blanchard, and, summoning all his strength for one final effort, he wrenched himself free and darted back into the deck-room.

The policeman was in hot pursuit. He could hear his footsteps close behind.

The boat was heavily laden with cotton; an oil lamp stood on a pile of boxes. Mark's eye took in this at a glance. He lifted the lamp and hurled it into a broken and half-open bale. In an instant a wall of fire leaped up between him and his pursuer.

Ding-dong! Ding-dong! clanged the bell. "Fire!" "Fire!" "Fire!" shouted the crew, and all was confusion and excitement.

Higher and higher leaped the flames, casting a lurid glare far out upon the waters, and the crew and passengers rushed out upon the long pier.

When the smoke-stacks had already fall-

on in, and the Daisy Dean resembled nothing so much as a glowing cinder, Mark Blanchard appeared upon the outer edge of the fan-tail.

The policeman saw him, and, in a twinkling, two bullets had pierced the head of the poor wretch. His eyes glared an instant, and then he fell forward and was lost forever in the waters of the Lake.

(To be continued—commenced in No. 61.)

The Tell-tale Figure-head.

BY ROGER STARBUCK

BEAUTIFUL sister, Ethel!

I parted from her while a mere boy, and went away to sea.

When I returned, a full-grown man, I went to the old stone house near the deep woods, where we had been brought up by my aunt and uncle—for we were orphans—but the old house was torn down, my adopted parents were both dead, and I was told that Ethel had married a whaling sea-captain, and gone with him on a voyage to the Arctic Ocean.

"Is he a good man?" was my first question.

"Well," answered my informant, "you knew him when a boy—John Worth. You know how wild, how eccentric, he was, and I can assure you manhood did not improve him. He is of a strangely jealous disposition, and—and—well, between you and me, I think he has spells of insanity!"

"Good God!" I ejaculated; "poor Ethel!"

"He has taken with him as his first officer Jonas Brown, a fine-looking fellow, and who was once one of Ethel's suitors. I don't think he knew that Jonas had endeavored to win Ethel for his wife, as he was absent at the time, while it so turned out that when he (John Worth), wood and married your sister, Jonas was absent."

"Well, what of all this?" I inquired, somewhat impatiently.

"Nothing—only I had a little rather he had not taken Jonas for his mate, as the captain will find out, sooner or later, from Ethel, that the former was once her suitor. He is a very unreasonable man—the captain—and I shouldn't wonder if his foolish jealousy makes trouble."

This information troubled me. I wandered listlessly about my native town, New Bedford, and then shipped as second officer aboard the whaler Sea King, Captain Bunce, bound to the Northern Ocean.

In this I was actuated by a faint hope of meeting Ethel.

Seven months later, I was in the Arctic Ocean.

It was a bitter, cold night when we lay at anchor off Eagle Point.

I had the first watch, and walked the deck in the moonlight, which glittered on drifting masses of ice.

I really had hopes of meeting Ethel. At the Sandwich Islands I had learned that the Cornwall—the vessel aboard which she was—had sailed a few days before we arrived, and as we sailed a fortnight later, there was a probability of speaking and visiting the other ship.

A few days before we anchored off Eagle Point, there had been a heavy gale, during which we had, with great difficulty, escaped being stove in by the ice. I was not, therefore, much surprised when I saw a boat's crew pulling toward the ship on this night.

Concluding they were castaways from some wrecked vessel, I soon had a rope ready to throw to them.

They came alongside, made fast with the rope, and boarded.

They looked haggard, hungry and half-frozen.

I called up the captain, and we soon made the poor fellows comfortable with provisions and a little wine.

They frankly informed us that they had deserted a whaler—called the Cornwall, because the captain had proved himself a tyrant, and had treated them like dogs. He was, in fact, crazy at times, and had, on several occasions, threatened to shoot them and all his officers. They had deserted to a man, while the vessel lay anchored off Ice Head, but had got separated during the gale.

"Did your officers desert, too?" inquired the captain.

"Yes," answered our informant, "all except Jonas Brown, the first mate, who declared he would not go and leave the captain's wife alone with her husband. He was afraid, he said, that the crazy man would do his wife harm. In fact, he has maltreated her several times during the voyage."

My feelings can be imagined.

I questioned the men, anxiously, and, to my dismay, learned that poor Ethel was by her husband treated like a slave, that she bore it all meekly, however, believing him to be temporarily insane when he abused her.

Finally the men went forward, where good bunks were tendered them for the night by the watch on deck.

When I was relieved by the third officer, whose turn it was to take the next watch, I went below, but could not sleep.

My brain seemed on fire; the face of Ethel, pale and fearful, continually intruded on my mental vision.

Suddenly I heard a rough hail from the deck, then the grating of a boat alongside. I went up, to discover that a stranger had come alongside, in a whaleboat. He was soon on deck. His appearance, revealed in the moonlight and the glare of the lantern, startled me. He was haggard, pale and worn; his eyes sunken deep in their sockets, his beard thickly incrustured with icicles.

He glared round him, his eyeballs seeming on fire, but said not a word.

"Who are you? Another castaway?" inquired the third mate.

He answered hurriedly and wildly: "Ay, ay, ship lost! I'm all alone—all alone."

"What ship?"

"The Cornwall! gone! gone! gone!"

I looked at him closely.

Yes, it was indeed Captain Worth, although he was much changed since I saw him, many years before.

"Ethel! My sister! What has become of her?" I gasped.

He drew back, much startled.

"You her brother?"

"Yes, yes. Speak! where is she?"

Instead of answering me, he uttered a wild howl and sprang for the rail.

The third mate and I intercepted his retreat. He struck at us, but we held him firmly. He sunk down on the carpenter's bench exhausted.

"Ethel? I wondered, 'where is she?'"

"Don't know! The ship parted her

cable," he gasped, "drifted, was stove in the ice, and went down. I jumped into the whaleboat, which was alongside, and was just going to help her, Ethel, in, when she went off in a boat with my mate. I have no doubt she was saved; but I am all alone now. She has deserted me forever!"

He took advantage of my starting back to jump suddenly up and spring into the whaleboat. There was a fog now over the sea, and in this he soon vanished.

Next day our anchors were up. We got under way, but had not proceeded five miles when, in a floe of ice ahead, we beheld the uplifted bow of a stove ship.

A boat was lowered. I headed it, doubting not the wreck was the Cornwall.

We were soon near enough to discover—for the fog had now partially cleared—what looked to us like a singular figure-head on the ship's bow.

It was that of a woman—so lifelike that it surprised us. There was the long hair perfectly represented, apparently glistening with ice, the neck, shoulders, bust, and the drapery around the person also sheeted over with ice, as if in a plate of armor. As we drew nearer we saw the eyes, and their strange, steadfast expression startled us; so true were they for a wooden image.

Nearer yet! Great God! this was no wooden image; it was the form of a dead woman, lashed to the bow with strong cords, and hiding the real figure-head, which was a small serpent.

My brain reeled; I knew her now, dead though she was.

It was the body of my sister, Ethel!

We bore the cold form—cold and frozen so that it seemed like a stone in weight—to our ship.

Next day it was buried ashore on the wild beach, and in the midst of my grief came the desire for revenge upon her brutal husband, who, it was plain, had lashed her to the bow to make sure of her going down in the sinking ship.

An iceberg jammed under the wreck, raised the vessel yet higher out of water, next day. We visited her again, and found aboard, in the hold, the dead body of the mate, Jonas Brown, shot through the head by a pistol. The pistol, caught in some rigging, lay not far off, bearing the initials of the captain's name.

We needed no further confirmation of our suspicions.

He is the murderer, and we felt it our duty to hunt for him.

We searched many days, but could not find him. He was never seen or heard of again, but his whaleboat, stove and overturned, was discovered floating in the ice.

How had soever may have been his fate, my heart for him must remain pitiless; for I can never forget his treatment of poor Ethel, by his hand sunk, in her early womanhood, beneath the ice of the dreary Northern ocean.

Fearfully Foiled.

BY T. C. HARRAUGH.

"YONDER they are—beneath the boughs of the gnarled oak. How easily I could glide through the garden, secrete myself behind the clump of virgin roses, and listen to their conversation. But I do not want to hear it. Oh, no. 'Twould make me hate him the less. Once I stood on yon beautiful spot with him—before she crossed my path, and drew him from my side. Oh, Sylvester Dare, I hate you!"

The beautiful and passionate quadroon's lips were white as ashes, and her crystal nails wounded, sorrowfully wounded, her soft palms.

Once she loved the youth who stood with queen-like Agnes Chester in the flood of mellow moonlight—loved him with all the strength of her passionate nature, nurtured under a tropical sun.

Many were the rambles they had taken together through the shady groves of the Eden-like plantation—many the pleasurable sails upon the artificial lake, and many, too, the phaeton rides over the undulating country.

It was not strange that Viola should love her handsome and almost inseparable companion. She waited long for the proposal of marriage which never came.

Sylvester loved the companionship of the quadroon—whose skin was but a shade darker than his own, and, at one time, he seriously contemplated marriage. Viola had received an enviable education, and naturally possessed a depth of thought seldom excelled by her aspiring sex. But her passions were uncontrollable. She loved like the Turk, and sought revenge like his peninsular brother, the Italian.

One day Sylvester's cousin, Agnes, fresh from the seminary, came to the plantation. Her young man met her upon the lawn, and before he presented her to his parents, he felt that his heart was no longer his own.

It was an instance of love at first sight with Agnes, too.

As the days waned, Viola perceived that Sylvester smiled no longer upon her.

But she smothered the rage which knew no bounds, and registered a vow in the "great tome" that the lovers should never wed.

It was the night before the wedding when she entered the woods that open our story.

Yes, the night before the wedding, and yet the moon she now hated lived.

"What magnificent chateau en Espagne you build!" she continued, gazing upon the lovers. "But, to-night, they fall like a house of cards! I will look upon you no longer, else my nerves may fail when the time comes. There'll be no wedding to-morrow, Agnes Chesterfield; but the day after there'll be a funeral. Good-night!"

With flushed features the quadroon hurried toward the villa, beyond the doors of which she soon disappeared.

The lovers lingered long beneath the sturdy oaken boughs, and it was quite late when Sylvester sought his couch.

The somnolent god soon sealed his eyes with sleep, and the moments were away.

At last midnight came.

All at once the door of his chamber began to open slowly and noiselessly. When it was half open a woman glided into the room.

The moonlight that struggled through the heavy lace curtains fell upon Viola's face—pale as death, and wearing a look almost fiendish in character.

She advanced toward the couch, clutched—not a dagger—but a small box studded with brass nails.

As she paused beside the bed a smile of satisfaction flitted across her face, for she noticed that Sylvester was deeply buried in slumber.

"I said there would be no wedding to-morrow, and I will keep my word," she murmured, in the lowest of whispers. "Now for my revenge!"

She placed the little box upon the bed at the sleeper's side, and slowly unfastened the "catches" that held the lid in its place.

Then she drew her body back until she could barely touch the box with outstretched hands.

Slowly, very slowly, she next proceeded to raise the lid, and at length the action was performed.

And the contents of the box greeted her eyes.

There was a movement of a dusky form within the little structure, and a horrible head protruded over the edge. It was no larger than Viola's delicate hand. There was a mark of dark brown on the forehead, which, when viewed frontwise, looked like a pair of spectacles; but behind like the head of Grimalkin.

The eyes flashed like living fire, and the large yellowish scales looked ghastly in the moonlight.

I need scarcely inform the reader, after the above description, that the little box contained that most dreaded of Death's living instruments—the cobra di capello.

Yes; Viola the vengeful had procured the terror of the Indies from a strolling company of snake-charmers.

For many moments she watched the reptile, which seemed loath to leave its nest. Its little eyes fell upon the form for whose heart its poison was intended—the quiet, dreamful sleeper; but it made no haste to accomplish the quadroon's wicked ends.

"He may wake," murmured Viola, fearfully, and angered at the snake's inactivity. "Then all will be lost. I can ill afford to tarry here. I will urge her ladyship to her work."

She put forth her jeweled hand and grasped the box.

The cry roused Sylvester Dare. He rose to a sitting position and almost instantly comprehended the tragical scene before him.

Viola had sunk to the floor, bereft of consciousness—and dying.

He sprang to her side. A blow from his cane stiffened the cobra in death. The inmates of the other wings of the mansion hurried to the fatal chamber; but their combined efforts could not save the quadroon.

The poison of the cobra di capello knows no antidote!

Presently Viola revived, confessed all, and died.

Her prophecy was fulfilled, after all. There was a wedding on the morrow, and a funeral the succeeding day.

But, alas for her! she was the corpse.

The Avenging Angels:

OR,
THE BANDIT BROTHERS OF THE SCOTO.
A BORDER AND INDIAN TALE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "SILENT HUNTER," "QUEEN OF THE WOODS," ETC.

CHAPTER XXIX—CONTINUED.

WHEN Steve had walked half-way between the torture-post and the sassafras bush pointed out to him by Kenewa, he increased his pace to that of a logging trot, which, in common with most trappers and hunters, he had learned from the red-skins. He was well aware that nearly all attention for the moment was fixed upon the Sioux; as, could the Shawnees capture him, they did not feel much doubt about tracking the white man, little thinking that, in all that regarded woodcraft, the scout was immeasurably superior to the red-skin.

At length the wished-for goal was reached, and Steve was in the act of stooping to pick up his gun, when the rattle of musketry in the wood startled him, and made him rise, clutching his own weapon all the more earnestly.

"Tarnation snakes!" he cried; "what is them boys up to? Thunder!"

As he said this, he caught a glimpse of the Backwood Avengers, who, after their volley, were, each man behind a tree, once more loading their "shooting-irons."

The scout put two of his fingers into his mouth and gave a shrill whistle, which attracted the attention of Roland, who, with all his party, were in another moment beside him.

"Glad to see you," said Roland, shaking him by the hand; "where on earth have you been all this time? We thought you had fallen into the clutches of the vile thieves or the savages."

"I jist this moment got quit on 'em, and as I don't want to be nearly broiled ag'in, I says, wake snakes and walk chalks."

With which emphatic observation he pointed out the plateau above where the village was situated, and then took to the water, followed by the whole party.

"Are the Shawnees asleep?" asked Roland, when they were on the other side of the stream, "that they do not follow us?"

"Don't be in a hurry, cap'n," said Steve; "them catamounts know what they're about. We can't go nowhere where they can't track us now. Lor! they know our numbers to a nicety, and a nice dog-watch we shall have to keep to-night, to save our scalps and skins."

"Where do you intend leading us?—to the cave again?" asked the chief.

"No; that game's up for the present. But I'm gwine to lead yer to the gals, and to a place whar, if Kenewa comes to help, we shall leave our bones or win a glorious victory."

"The girls?" cried Roland, while the old man looked up, without, however, speaking.

Yes, that tarnation young skunk of a Tom Smith had runned away with them! laughed Steve, "and planted hisself and them whar you nor I couldn't find 'em, if he hadn't told."

"Brave Tom! Tell me all about it," said Roland, warmly.

"Running's our game jist now," replied Steve; "but we'll soon have time to talk. I promised Tom not to knock up his nest till night-time. If we could double on the Shawnees it would be fine."

The sun at last had set without their noticing it, or, at all events, it was so low that not a ray could be seen trembling on the tallest tree. Steve then cried a halt, and seated himself on the ground with his rifle between his knees. Despite the impatience natural in a youthful lover, Roland Edwards had learned each day so far to have confidence in the scout's judgment as never again to doubt him. The Backwood Avengers took up positions around them, and then the faithful fellow told his story, without its terrible features and horrible details.

The death of Mike Horne moved even those who had such fearful reason to loathe his very name.

Steve rose once more to proceed on his way. He hesitated not a moment, though he had no visible means of deciding toward which quarter of the compass he was directing his steps, not even the mosses on the trees being available in woods so dense.

The scout walked some distance ahead. Every now and then he halted, and listened with all the keenness and acuteness of a man who was awake to all the mysterious sounds of the forest—to every breath that might bring him warning of impending danger.

He had just ascended a low swell of ground, rather more bare of trees than most of the forest knolls, when he suddenly stooped low, and summoned the whole party to his side.

When they had reached the spot, they were able to comprehend the cause of Steve's sudden halt. The forest on the other side of the slope was for some considerable space open and free from underbrush, the trees standing some distance apart, and thus, even in the gloaming, admitted a broad range of vision.

The young captain of the Backwood Avengers soon distinguished, at about fifty paces' distance, an Indian moving quietly along, his rifle in the hollow of his arm, to all appearance leading the others, who, a long way behind, in the darkness of the night, flitted like vague and indistinct shadows over the surface of the earth with the stealthy yet rapid pace of the wild-cat.

"Why are they so far apart?" whispered the captain.

"Anan!" almost cried Steve, aloud, "fur apart? Why, upon air! do yer think Kenewa wants with them Shawnee creatures, captain?"

"Is that Kenewa?"

feet high; so that with eight rifles, a good supply of ammunition, and brave hearts, they might hope to hold out against a long siege, if but provisions and water could be obtained. Still the odds were terrible, and they knew it; so that no man deceived himself with any vain expectations.

As on careful examination it appeared that no vulnerable point existed in their fort save that where the breastwork had been erected, the whole party prepared to take some rest, dependent on the accuracy of vision and wakefulness of two sentries.

Steve watched first, Kenewa casting himself at his feet, to sleep.

For some time no sound was heard, but the heavy breathing of the sleepers, so that Steve, while keeping his eye fixed upon the wider valley, was able to indulge in such meditations as were consistent with the time and place in which he was placed.

He was the best, the most acute and bravest scout on all the border, and yet he owned it not, even to himself. He was brooding over the past, watching for the present, and a trifle anxious about the future, when a warning, to which no backwoodsman is ever deaf, made him touch the Indian in his foot.

"Wagh!" said Kenewa, rising on his elbow, and looking the scout keenly in the face.

"There are unearthly sounds in the woods, which it behooves brave men to hearken to."

"Kenewa has heard the hooting of an owl in the dark night that is not rare."

"My brother must be dreaming," said Steve, gravely; "or has the ear of the chief forgot its cunning?"

The young warrior rose, seated himself on the ground, and listened once more.

"The young warriors of the Shawnees are at fault," replied Kenewa; "but I do not see them."

"My," how exclaimed Steve, with a covert smile at the sound of the words, "there is a child here as can. If you want a warning, just shoot that creeping Shawnee that is just like a log of wood on the ground."

Next instant two rifles were fired; and then up rose, on the still night-air, the fearful sound of the Shawnee yells, awakening, far and near, the reverberating echoes of the forest.

CHAPTER XXX.

A NIGHT ATTACK.

THE attack, which had been repelled by the two shots fired by Steve and Kenewa, was over. Only a few of the more daring of the Indians had ventured to crawl toward the mouth of the gully.

But silence, profound and awful silence, reigned without. The Shawnees, after their discovery by means of the marvelous vision given to Steve as a fit belonging of a woodman, were nowhere to be seen. Kenewa had crept aloft, where one or two trunks of hastily-felled trees lay across the mouth of the gully, and with the brothers Mason kept watch, secreted in the bushy tops of the elms.

Edwardes joined Steve, both standing back out of reach of chance missiles which otherwise might reach them, ready to repel any rush of the enemy.

"Cap'n," said Steve, in a low whisper, "we're bound to go the entire pork this time."

"What mean you?"

"Why, if them Shawnees and them wuss than devils, them Hornes, circumvent us, it's all up with us men."

"We'll die or conquer," replied the young leader of the Backwood Avengers.

"But the women-folk, cap'n," continued Steve, "it's my idea that when we're all dead, and roasted, their fate 'll be the wuss."

A deep groan from Roland was the only response.

"If now we was salvages ourselves, or Rumans, I think you call 'em, why the matter 'ud soon be settled."

"How so?"

"Why, ye see, cap'n, if we left them thierish scumple only the bodies of the gals, they could not do much harm to their cold frames—their souls 'ud be out of thar reach."

"Kill them!"

"I was only saying, cap'n, what salvages would do if they were in as desperate a fix as we are."

"You are right, Steve," replied Roland Edwardes, in a hoarse tone. "Come what will, the girls shall not fall into the hands of these wretches! But it must be of their own free will—yes, of their own free will."

"It's nation hard, cap'n, I know; but being up to these cusses as I am, I thort it my duty—ready!"

As he said this word a number of Indians rose, as if by magic, from a kind of hollow at a considerable distance, and commenced a heavy fire at the garrison.

The Backwood Avengers, at a word from Roland, reserved their fire, despite the tenacity with which the Indians kept up their volleys.

Steve leaned thoughtfully on his rifle; his countenance wore a puzzled expression.

"Now, cap'n, you as is a soldier, can yer explain why them dot-rotted knaves are firing what you call blank-cartridges?" he asked.

"No; impossible!"

"It's Bible truth, yer honor; them salvages is up to some devilries. Stand to your guns!" he suddenly roared; "them snakes is firing and saving their bullets, while some of their warriors ken reach us—so!"

As he spoke, two tall and naked Indians, horribly painted, leaped into the redoubt, shouting the fearful war-cry, which was taken up behind by three or four equally ferocious-looking demons.

A volley from the roof greeted these, followed by fearful yells from the mained and wounded warriors.

Next instant Roland and Steve grappled with their foes, the rapid firing of all the Backwood Avengers overhead leaving the defeated Indians in ignorance of the fate of their comrades. The young captain at once knew that he was in the grasp of one physically his superior; but he was resolute, active, and as a boy had practiced efficiently as a wrestler. They fell to the earth together, and for a minute or two they turned round and round, now one up, then the other, each falling alternately in his endeavor to secure his antagonist below, and then plunge a weapon in his heart.

"Up! up!" shouted Steve, giving, as he spoke, a tremendous war-whoop. "Up, captain; to your guns, my hearties—fight like old bars or young lions, I don't care which."

The young captain now knew that it was a dead body that lay across him, and from which a jet of warm blood was spurting over his chest. Jerking himself from beneath it he rubbed his eyes and looked.

Not an enemy was to be seen.

"Tom Smith," he said, "and you, Humphries, throw these dead bodies over the cliff. How goes the night, Steve?"

"Pretty well half," replied the matter-of-fact scout, who, now that the forlorn hope chance had proved a failure, was proportionately elated. "Come on, ye 'tarnal critters—yer fight a man without a cross—come, you cowardly, sneaking, nigger pale-faces here: 'tarnal death to yer if yer only wish it."

"I think they've had enough to-night," said Roland; "they will leave us quiet until morning."

"Not they, cap'n—dead they. I shout aloud 'cause I know the knaves, and the more noise yer make, the more powder they'll waste."

Steve seemed to speak like a prophet, for, as the words left his lips, there was heard a loud whooping, followed by the crack of a dozen rifles, or more, discharged, however, more from sheer rage and anger than with any settled purpose.

"Be watchful," replied Roland, in a low tone; "if we die here in the breach we must hold out. I'll have a word with the women."

"Yes, cap'n, and tell them that we intend dying before a hair of their heads is hurt—arter, we can't be miserable."

The captain made no reply, but moved to where, in the shadow of a rock, sat the whole of the females, Ella much cowed and discomfited at the noise, the rest seated calmly on the ground, awaiting the issue of events.

Like a sentry over a valued treasure stood Judge Mason, who, every time a chance of cure of his doing his duty, fired at the enemy with a steady aim, the calmness of which was something wonderful.

"Well, my son," he said, as Roland approached, "what news? Are the vermin weary?"

"No, sir, and not likely to be," replied the young captain, gloomily; "we can hold out until morning—but what will it avail us, if, when the sun comes, we be all murdered in his cheerful light and our women led into captivity?"

"Can we hold out until the first glimmer of dawn?"

"Yes, and longer—but what will it advantage us? Our provisions are gone, our powder is low, and an hour or so, more or less, is all that we can calculate on."

"You have meaning in what you say, Roland Edwardes?" observed Ettie, in a hushed tone.

"I have, dearest, yes," he said, solemnly; "unless a miracle occurs, this contest must end in our defeat and capture, when our fate is certain death; the fate of the women, the wigwags of the Indians or the huts of the Bandits."

"Death before either!" cried the charming enthusiast. "Roland, when the last shot shall be near, save one for me. Let me die by the hand of a white man and a Christian."

"She says well," observed the judge, in a solemn voice. "I will put my knife to the heart of Ella—to you I consign Ettie!"

"Living or dead," whispered the soldier, stooping low, and whispering in the ear of the young girl, while his arm stole round her waist.

Ettie trembled violently, and the tears fell upon his right hand, which held hers. In that terrible moment of terror and dread of approaching death, the truth stood revealed to her, clear and bright as the sun at noonday—she loved Roland Edwardes, the affianced husband of her elder sister.

"I suppose nobody will kill me," said Martha, pettishly.

"I will," replied Tom Smith, in a hoarse, hard voice, "just before I dies myself."

The girl burst into tears, and hung, sobbing, on his arm.

Not a word more was spoken—they understood one another.

Thought took the place now of word and action.

"Your blood upon your own heads!" shouted Steve, in the midst of the gloomy stillness. "To your tents, oh, Israel—the bloody red-skins are on us—wohoo!"

And his rifle was heard, followed in rapid succession by those of his companions. All directed at a column of Indians rushing wildly to the charge.

The volley took effect; but, without looking behind them to see who was hurt and who was not, the Shawnees advanced, when the reserve of three rifles started them, followed in an incredibly short space of time by the dropping fire of all the Backwood Avengers, each man emptying his barrel as fast as he was able to load.

"That's done for this night," said Steve, dashing his gun-stock on the ground, "and time to. Them shootin'-irons of our'n were gittin' mighty hot. Tom Smith, it's your turn to look out—keep your eyes partikler well skinned, or you mout lose your top-knot afore you are aware of it."

"Do you think the fight is over?"

"Sure on't, as far as them Injines is concerned, though what them Robbers may do can't say, unless the Shawnee critters keep the pumpkin-head sneaks quiet."

And the scout, with a ponderous sigh and terrific yawn, lay down beside the fire to sleep.

It appeared as if the enemy, after their several repulses, which had been attended with severe loss, had learned some measure of caution, for they had not since their last retreat exposed themselves in any way to the fire of the besiegers. They had, however, merely changed their position and tactics, concealing themselves severally behind logs, rocks, and bushes, so as to encompass the redoubt by a semicircle of sentries that made escape impracticable, even had they all been men, able to cut their way through their fierce and savage enemies.

But, though single shots were fired, no general attack took place, nor did any suffer. Roland Edwardes having seen that all were in positions which offered every protection against chance shots.

He, himself, seated on a log, with his back to the naked rock, soon ceased to notice the dropping fire of the enemy. His thoughts were far away, though he was resolved that deep thought should not induce him to close an eye on that eventful night.

For some time he was quite able to keep his senses all alert, and alive, even to the moaning sounds that at times arose from the forest. His capacities for vision appeared to grow keener as he was further

from the fort, so that not a gun was lifted from the Indian rifle-pits, but what he saw the barrel glittering in the starlight ere it was fired.

Within he heard the gentle breathing of the women, for the time in happy oblivion of all around; nor did the passing air, sighing on the grass of the hill, escape him.

Once or twice he fancied he heard both the moaning of an owl and the mournful notes of a whippoorwill, and then his head gliding unconsciously to the logs of the breastwork, he sunk into a deep sleep, from which he woke only when the gray tint of dawn was in the eastern sky.

All his men were around him, leaning on their rifles and armed all with a pistol apiece.

"Why, what armory have you discovered?" asked Roland, rising. "I have been to sleep."

"A good job, too, cap'n," replied Steve, yawning; "all the better that we've found pistols, powder, and ball, as well as some provisions, which them white Injines left behind 'em. Come and eat, cap'n."

Roland rubbed his eyes, and followed the scout, scarcely as yet able to realize the fact that he had been some time in a sound, heavy, and refreshing sleep, for which, considering all that had to be done, he felt truly thankful.

There was not one of the whole party but was well aware that the defense of such a redoubt by night and by day was a very different thing. When the Bandits of the Seeto were able to lead up their savage associates to the breastwork, the defenders being all clearly visible, nothing would be easier than for the best marksmen to pick the Backwood Avengers off, while an overwhelming force rushed to the attack.

Still their captain, Roland Edwardes, did not despair, and while, in as cheerful a way as they could, they did justice to the provisions prepared for them by the women, his mind was busy planning the best means of defense. Five minutes were then devoted to pleasant social intercourse with the girls, the chief knowing how much such evidences of a hopeful issue would cheer all parties, and then the young officer called all his men together, including the judge, and communicated his plans.

They were simple, but they elicited a cheer from all, while the eyes of Kenewa and Steve glistened with delight and admiration.

"Body young—head old," said Kenewa, after a proper interval of thought and silence.

"Rare!—mighty fine!—lick 'em in tu-tues!" added Steve.

In a few minutes more all was still as death within the redoubt. The fire was allowed to go out, and not the faintest sign of mortality within the breastworks could be detected from the forest or valley. This lasted several hours, during which the Shawnees and Bandits, both awed and puzzled, waited some manifestation of the designs of the Backwood Avengers.

But all was still as death.

Not a sentry showed on the breastwork or roof.

At length the savages could stand it no longer. Placing the Robbers, who were considered dead shots, with some of the best of the red-skin marksmen, behind rocks and bushes, a cloud of warriors advanced toward the breastwork armed with tomahawks, knives, and guns. They moved with caution, keeping their eyes fixed on the rude fort.

At the first glimpse of a gun-barrel they were to fall flat on their faces, and allow the riflemen to pick off the Backwood Avengers.

But no sign was given from the redoubt. The Shawnees, pricking up their ears, and somewhat angry at being thus audaciously fooled, hovered about the white fort, waiting some manifestation of the designs of the Backwood Avengers.

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TO THE DEAD HEROES.

BY WALTER DOUGLASS. (Aged Thirteen.)

The war is over, the triumph ours, Our standard waves on high, O'er many blood-stained battle-fields, Where heroes were doomed to die!

The cannon's roar is heard no more, Where death and silence reign, But the memory of the heroes of our hearts will still retain.

They, who for their country fell, In battles lost or won, Deserve names in History Great as Napoleon's!

Pfeiffer, the Trailer.

BY CAPT. "BRUN" ADAMS.

WHAT mountain-man does not know of Albert Pfeiffer and his wonderful deeds, hair-breadth escapes, and numberless wounds? I'll warrant there's not a man who has been five years on the border, who has not seen that limping form and huge green goggles.

He was a most extraordinary man, and of singular appearance. His red beard grew in patches over his face, as though it had been scalded or seared over with a hot iron.

This resulted from the effects of a poisoned arrow with which he had been wounded many years before I saw him, in which engagement he slew three noted warriors after he was wounded. The green goggles of which I spoke were worn to shield his eyes, rendered weak by the same subtle power that had seared his face. He carried upon his body the marks of more than twenty wounds, almost any one of which would have killed an ordinary man.

His skill in lifting a trail, his vast resources in actual conflict, stratagems, plans, etc., were perfectly wonderful. So much so, that the old trappers used to say that "Al Pfeiffer run by his nose," or in other words, he scented the trail.

I remember once, while at the Cross Timbers, our party fell in with the great scout, who, with a party of his own, was pressing hard a war-party of red-skins who had stolen a lot of fine horses.

Joining forces, we started that night, the scout saying that he knew where the Indians were making for, and hence there was no necessity of following the trail.

We struck the Indians just as they were crossing, or had nearly all crossed a stream of considerable size, prairie one side, but heavily timbered and broken on the other, where the Indians were.

Pfeiffer always made it a rule, when going into action, to say to the man nearest him, "Now don't forget: if I'm wounded, and the Indians have any chance to capture, you kill me at once. It will not do for me to fall in dere hands. Shoot me in de head. You see I will do de same for you!"

Not a very comfortable prospect, you will say, but he meant every word he said.

His own men, or those with whom he generally associated, all understood and were prepared to fulfill his desire.

At the fort a short halt was made, and a consultation was held. The Indians had evidently stopped upon the other side, and intended to make a stand. In fact they were forced to do so, or relinquish their plunder.

The plan was quickly fixed upon. The party were divided into three equal portions. One to go up the river, one down, and the third to cross at the proper moment in the face of the enemy.

Sending out two flanking parties was only a ruse, as only one was to cross over, the one that went up-stream, but the Indians were not supposed to know that, and would consequently have to send out an equal number to contest both crossings.

The signal for us to cross over was to be the first firing we heard from the party that went over.

It was well managed, for at the moment we heard the crack of rifles in the timber, the lower party dashed back, and together we plunged into the stream and started the advance in the face of a lively fire from the bank.

I rode close beside Pfeiffer, and when nearly across I heard a slight exclamation from him, and turning to look, I saw that he had been hit, apparently very bad, as he reeled in his saddle like a drunken man.

He caught my eye and instantly exclaimed: "No shoot me yet. I've got heap fight left," and digging his spurs into his mustang's flanks, he was up the rocky bank, ten feet ahead of any other.

The fight instantly became sharp and deadly, our party, for the moment, suffering severely, as we were exposed to fire.

But, we dismounted rapidly, sought cover, and then the combat was all one way.

The Indians fought game, however, and gave not an inch for some time.

But Pfeiffer, as usual, ended it by one of his desperate moves.

The chief of the war-party, a powerful fellow, seemed utterly regardless of danger. He dashed here and there, encouraging his braves, and exposing himself in the most reckless manner.

TO MY FRIEND, THE JUDGE.

BY JOE JOE, JR.

You sit upon a judge's bench
Where you adjust men's differences,
Or to the scaffold or the cell,
You give them ready sentences.
Your eye to-day is stern and cold;
No smile on your judicial features
Shows a good-natured fellowship
For any of your fellow-creatures.

Coldly serene, slow witnesses
Not even putting you in a fury,
And calm before a lawyer's plea
As in your charges to the jury.
No pointless word is on your tongue,
Your sentences are weighed and measured,
The pure supremacy of law
Alone within your heart is treasured.

But, Judge, there was a time when you
Was just as full of fun as any;
No sober line was on your face,
Your pranks were free, your jokes were many.
As blithe a lad you were as e'er
Turned truant to his early nature—
As wild a lad as ever played
A rag upon a human creature.

There never was a training scrape
But you would always lead the band in;
There never was a school-boy farce
But what you always had a hand in.
We always told you by your laugh,
And always loved you for your humor,
No other comrade knew more
And yet no other comrade knew more.

You used to break the school-room laws
Though higher laws you're now maintaining,
But, of the lad you used to be
There is little now remaining.
We used to be the firmest friends,
And swore no fortune e'er could sever—
If ever I'm judicial, Judge,
I'll still rely upon your favor.

Overheard ;

A BLOW IN THE DARK.

BY CAPT. CHARLES HOWARD.

It was a night of storm in the city of Mobile, and two swarthy wretches sat at a table in a rough and dimly-lighted apartment. Their dress and forbidding features proclaimed them a brace of low Portuguese—men who would drive the stiletto into the heart of a fellow-creature for a bottle of aguardiente.

The bottle of inferior wine which they had ordered, stood empty upon the table, and Pablo had just ordered two more.

"Why don't the stupid Americano return?" growled Pedro, looking anxiously toward the door leading to the dilapidated bar. "The grape, señor!" he shouted, in a half-drunken voice.

"In a moment, señors," came a voice from the adjoining room.

Pedro bent over the table and toyed with his raven beard, heaping muttered imprecations upon the head of the tardy waiter.

Suddenly his companion leaned back in his chair, and stretched his brawny arm across the table.

"Five hundred dollars in American gold! Just think of it, Pedro. A single blow with the sand-bag secures it, and more, too, boy—more, too—he never thinks of hush-money."

At this moment the porter made his appearance, and placed two bottles of wine upon the table.

"Now, begone!" cried Pablo, glancing over his shoulder at the man, who awaited further orders.

The look accompanying the command told the porter that the stiletto would follow disobedience, and, without a word, he bowed and departed.

"Yes, Pedro," continued Pablo, proceeding to break the bottles, "he met me on the wharf last night, and drew me aside. Then he pointed to a young fellow what was talkin' to an old covey, and says he: 'What'll you take?' Says I: 'What'll you give?' Then he studied awhile and says: 'Five hundred American gold dollars.' I told him that I would do it, and then he up and told me the whole fracas. You see, brother Pedro, the fellow what he wants 'fixed' got the best of him in love, and they are about to get married. To-morrow the great, glittering wedding takes place—that is, if we let him slip through our fingers to-night. His love lives near the wharf, and to-night he will leave her, sighing for the morrow. Pedro, he must walk near the cotton at pier 'twenty-eight.' A blow with the sand-bag, a toss into the water, and there'll be no smiles to-morrow."

"True, Pablo, true," said the other, draining a wine-glass, "and by the blood of Jesus! there shall be no wedding to-morrow. To-night, you say, he walks the cotton pier?"

"Even so."

"Then 'tis time that we were there. By my soul! the storm abates."

The murderers arose to their feet.

"His name, Pablo?" cried Pedro, "I believe you did not mention it."

"He said it was Arthur White."

"Then there'll be no Arthur White at midnight," said his companion, and a moment later the apartment was silent and tenantless.

When the twain emerged from the low saloon, they bent their steps toward the pier, determined to take human life for a few golden dollars.

Shirley Helps hated Arthur White; and why? Because the exemplary young man had gained the spotless love of Julia Colburn, who had turned with loathing from him, the libertine and gambler. He knew that Julia would never become his wife; but he would be terribly revenged upon her by having her lover put out of the way. And upon the wedding-eve, too! Why it would break the little heart that beat for Arthur White, and send its possessor to some mad-house.

To accomplish the murderous ends he had in view, he hired Pablo, the Portuguese, to strike for him, and send his rival's soul to heaven.

As the hired assassins walked along, the storm abated, the opaque clouds rolled away, and the stars showered their ambient light upon the southern city.

Noislessly the twain crouched behind a bale of cotton, and awaited the appearance of their victim.

Not a person was in sight, and not a sound reached the assassins' ears, save the dull, continuous thud of the water against the dock.

It must have been midnight when an approaching figure loomed up between them and the starlit horizon. It was the form of a man, wrapped in a cloak.

"Give me the bag, brother," whispered Pablo, grasping the long bag of sand which Pedro held in his hand.

Pedro relinquished the weapon, and Pablo peered over the bale.

"Tis our man, brother," he said, in a low tone. "He is almost here. I will spring

over the bale and strike. Then you will toss him into the water. They'll find him to-morrow and say: 'Poor fellow, he was drowned! What else could they say? The bag leaves no mark.'

Another minute of silence flitted over their heads.

The man was opposite the bale, wholly unconscious of his danger, when Pablo sprung forward.

A well-directed blow sent their victim to the earth, and Pedro joined his brother.

"Into the bay, quick!" cried Pablo.

Pedro raised the insensible form over his head, and was about to hurl it far out into the gloomy waters, when the report of a pistol rent the atmosphere.

The villain dropped his burden and staggered back with a death-oath.

Pablo turned to make good his escape, if possible, when a second report smote his ears, and he fell beside his brother—dead!

Then a man rose from behind a neighboring cotton bale, and advanced toward the fallen trio with smoking pistol.

It was the porter of the low saloon, in which the brothers had lately drank.

"Ha! I overheard you," he said, triumphantly. "You would kill the young banker who rescued me from starvation in this very city. I owe him a debt of gratitude, which is settled now. I thought I'd let them strike. They never kill with the sand-bag; they throw their insensible victim into the water, which does the rest. You will never strike again," he said, pausing beside the dead brothers. "I will take a peep at Arthur White."

The porter bent over the prostrate American, and uncovered his face.

"My God!" he cried, springing to his feet, and staring at the features exposed to view. "They made a terrible mistake, terrible!"

The face upturned to the glittering stars belonged to Shirley Helps!

"Well, as they knocked the wrong man senseless, I guess it will not be more than right for me to restore him," he said, after a pause, returning to the stricken rival.

He felt the pulse. It was still!

"What! can he be dead?" he cried, baring the white bosom, and covering the heart with his hand.

The organ of life was still as the grave!

"Yes, he's dead," he said, removing his hand. "Old Pablo struck too hard. I wonder what brought him here? Probably he wanted to see the deed done. It is done,

and I don't pity him a bit. Any fellow what would want to kill Mr. White should meet with just such a fate. Hello!"

The exclamation was caused by a foot-step, and the porter beheld Arthur White standing over him.

"What does this mean?" inquired the young banker, recognizing the pallid features of his dead rival.

It means that he just passed in his checks, and stepped off the train," returned the porter, and a few words he explained the state of affairs to his benefactor.

When Arthur White heard the story, he placed the dead bodies in the corner's hands, and thanked the porter for saving his life. He offered him a large sum of money, which was refused.

"You did me a favor once," he said, spurning the proffered purse. "I have merely returned it. Sir, you can marry Julia Colburn. I have but one request to make."

"Name it!" cried young White. "And see how quickly I will comply."

"It is this: if Miss Julia blesses you with a little boy, please to call his name Basil, after me."

Reader, there is a young banker in Mobile named Basil Wadsworth White.

Camp-Fire Yarns.

Jim Dayton's "Dead-fall."

BY RALPH RINGWOOD.

SOME half a dozen miles distant from the little village of Bardstown, Kentucky, there lies an extensive tract of wild, rugged country known as Dayton's Bottoms.

Even at the present day it remains in an almost primeval condition, and the ax of the woodman is only heard along the outskirts of the vast, unbroken solitude.

Within are mountains, deep and rugged valleys, extensive tracts of level beech and oak woods, heavy cane-brakes and multitudinous caverns that penetrate, in every direction, the face of tall cliffs and steep hillsides.

Here game is yet plenty—bear, deer and turkey, while at night the shrill, childlike cry of the panther can be heard, with the hoarse yelp of the mountain-wolf answering as an echo.

I need hardly say that, in earlier times, this section was a favorite hunting-ground for both white and red-men. And there are

those yet living in the adjacent village who can recall to memory some of the deadly conflicts that there took place between the hunter and Indian.

In the year 1797, one James Dayton came out into the interior from the settlement at the Falls of the Ohio, now Louisville, and after prospecting for an eligible site on which to open up and clear a small farm, he finally selected a spot in the very heart of the wild region I have just described.

Probably, with the exception of Boone, Kenton, or some other of the first pioneers, Dayton was the first white man who ever trod that soil.

Of course the Indians soon discovered the smoke of his camp-fire, and having ascertained that one of the hated whites had there settled permanently, they began a system of persecution, with the intent to take his scalp, or failing in that, drive him off, and thus end the matter.

But, they had not only a brave, but a cunning man to deal with, and the warriors were never able to lay hands upon their intended victim.

Dayton had built himself a little cabin of light boards, limbs, etc., which he thatched over with bark, making a comfortable dwelling, even though it were unprotected.

Above the hut towered a huge poplar; while, nearer to it, and slightly on one side, grew two large beech trees.

These were the only trees within thirty or forty feet of the dwelling.

At last the Indians began pressing the venturesome hunter so closely that he was frequently forced to remain abroad in the forest at night, and more than once, while lying in the thickets near by, he had seen his enemies enter the hut in search of himself, and finding it empty, steal silently away, leaving every thing undisturbed in hopes of catching him another time.

One night while thus forced to remain out, a fearful storm arose and blew with terrific force until morning.

All night long the hunter had heard the thunder of falling timber and the crash of great trees that were rent from the parent trunk, and when, at length, day broke, and he ventured home, he found that the great poplar had fallen before the strength of the blast.

The immense tree had been caught in its fall by one of the beeches, and was now held suspended directly over the frail hut, how securely the pioneer could not guess.

But half an hour's inspection seemed not

and stepping backward, threw his whole weight upon it.

A sharp crack, another and louder, a sudden rending of timber, of broken limbs that flew in all directions, and then, with a crash that could have been heard a mile away, the great tree descended like an avalanche upon the doomed cabin and those within.

One long, wild yell arose upon the still night, and then all was still.

The "dead-fall" had served its purpose completely.

Three years later the Indians caught Dayton and put him to the torture on the spot where the hut had stood.

And thus it was that that wild tract of land in the heart of civilization came to be known as Dayton's Bottoms.

Beat Time's Notes.

I KNEW it would rain to-day when I went to bed last night. I knew it because my corns gritted their teeth, and because my wife was out of humor. I knew it would rain to-day because the carpenter failed to put a new roof on our house, and because we expected none of our country relations in to-day; for when we expect them it never rains. I knew it would rain because I was interested in a picnic which was to come off to-day, and of which I was president. I knew it would rain because I did not want it to, generally, and so I was awakened this morning by the water dripping from the ceiling into the south-west corner of my eye; and as it is strictly against my rules to get water on my face, you can imagine how mad I was when I got up this morning. I have no umbrella, and so I have stayed in the house all day. The reason why I have no umbrella is the old one—had a friend during the last rain, and so have no umbrella during this one. Umbrellas and friends are inseparable. Wish I could separate my umbrella from him now. If I had an umbrella or book that I didn't want, I would lend it to a friend on his promise to return it immediately; they are sure to never forget to keep them. It's the way of the world.

THESE notes, although not so deserving of being embalmed on never-dying sheepskin as my other notes of the more common kind, are, nevertheless, much cheaper to those who hold them, and, although they

friends was involved in debt, and much embarrassed, immediately took the management of his affairs into his own hands, satisfied every claim, and became the sole creditor. When his friend died, his daughter, Calvina, would have given up her father's effects; but Pliny not only forgave her all that her father owed him, but even added a considerable sum to her fortune when she was married.

We surely have sad reason to regret that, among our great orators and statesmen, we have so few heathen like Pliny. Disinterestedness, nowadays, among our public men may be regarded as one of the lost virtues.

A SAVAGE'S IDEA OF INDEPENDENCE.

THE Indian warrior, Tecumseh, who fell in the battle of the Thames, was not only an accomplished military commander, but also a great natural statesman and orator. Among the many strange, and some strongly characteristic, events in his life, the council which General Harrison held with the Indians at Vincennes, in 1811, affords an admirable instance of the sublimity which sometimes distinguished his eloquence. The chiefs of some tribes had come to complain of a purchase of lands which had been made from the Kickapoos. This council effected nothing, but broke up in confusion, in consequence of Tecumseh having called General Harrison "a liar." It was in the progress of the long talks that took place in the conference, that Tecumseh, having finished one of his speeches, looked round, and seeing every one seated, while no seat was prepared for him, a momentary frown passed over his countenance. Instantly, General Harrison ordered that a chair should be given to him. Some person presented one, and bowing, said to him, "Warrior, your father, General Harrison, offers you a seat." Tecumseh's dark eye flashed. "My father!" he exclaimed, indignantly, extending his arm toward the heavens; "the sun is my father, and the earth is my mother: she gives me nourishment, and I repose upon her bosom." As he ended, he sat down suddenly on the ground.

This haughty reminder is in strange contrast with the subservience—or, as the Western man says, the lickspittleness of those who seek the favor of men in power.

THE INSTINCT OF RACE.

A HOTTENTOT boy, taken from the cradle, and bred up in the manners of the French Colonists, voyaged to India, where he engaged in the trade for many years. In the course of his mercantile transactions, he visited the Cape of Good Hope; and naturally desirous of seeing the spot in which he was born, as well as of visiting his relatives, he went to their huts. He there beheld them clad in sheep-skins, and disfigured with clay; but after staying a short time with them, became so attached to the spot, and so charmed with the simplicity of their lives and manners, that he resolved to quit the society to which he had been accustomed, and to adopt the more barbarous language, manners and habits of his relatives. With this view he returned to the Cape, and obtaining an audience of the Governor, thus addressed him: "I have returned from the huts of my relatives, in order to inform you that I have resolved to renounce the mode of life you have taught me to embrace. I will follow the manners and religion of my ancestors to the day of my death: I will keep this collar and sword which you have given me, as a mark of affection; but all the rest of my habiliments and property I shall leave behind me." Saying this, he ran out of the chamber, and was never seen or heard of after.

Like instances of what Darwin calls "the impulse of race" are numerous in the history of the American Indians. Great numbers of them, after being "civilized" and educated, have, as if by some uncontrollable impulse, gone back to their tribe barbarism. We have known, personally, of several very singular instances which we may some day relate.

BEAT TIME.



OVERHEARD.